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To: Project Team  
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## SPECIAL REPORT

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The state of the union is bewildered as political interests become prurient ones and Washington is engulfed in a sex scandal involving a former White House intern, the Chief Executive, his best friend—and the Administration's bête noire, the Whitewater independent counsel. The controversy is drowning the presidency in a flood of tabloid headlines. Will it doom Bill Clinton?

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COVER: © 1998. Photograph licensed exclusively by TIME

Terry McCarthy/Saipan

## Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor...

And the Northern Marianas—a U.S. possession—will put them to hard labor

**T**HE YOUNG CHINESE WOMAN BELIEVED SHE HAD COME TO America. But how could this be the American Dream? Li Li, 26, found herself working 18-hour days in a factory cutting textiles. At night she and 700 other workers were locked up in company barracks infested with rats and equipped with just one outside toilet for every 50 people. The residents were allowed out only on Sundays for a maximum of one hour. When she complained about conditions, according to her account, she and another female worker were beaten by factory foremen wielding heavy dressmaking scissors.

Welcome to Saipan, the largest of the Northern Mariana Islands, a chain east of the Philippines. And, yes, it has been a U.S. territory since the end of World War II. Li Li is one of 40,000 foreign contract workers, mostly from China, Bangladesh and the Philippines, shipped in to service a garment industry that exploits Saipan's exemption from a number of American labor and immigration controls. This allows the garment factories, most run by Chinese or South Korean firms, to pay foreign laborers substantially less than the minimum wage but still export nearly \$1 billion worth of clothes annually to American markets—patriotically stamped MADE IN THE USA and free of duties and quotas that apply to products made in China and Korea.

Li Li is attempting to sue her former employer, SR (Saipan) Corp., for the assault on her and for unpaid overtime. "The managers did not treat us like human beings," she says, adding that she would not have gone to Saipan if she had known what the working conditions were like. But having borrowed the equivalent of \$2,800 to pay the "recruitment fee" in China, she cannot return until she has earned at least enough to pay off the loan. "That comes close to the definition of indentured labor," says Allen Stayman, insular-affairs director at the U.S. Department of the Interior, who is pressuring the Northern Marianas to clean up sweatshop practices or face a federal takeover of immigration and labor controls. "The local immigration and labor departments are essentially organized crime," says Stayman. "It is one big scam." So big that foreign laborers outnumber natives 40,000 to 28,000.

President Clinton sent a letter last May to the islands' Governor, complaining that the labor practices "are inconsistent with our country's values." Last week a bipartisan congressional commission on immigration released a scathing report that said, "Only a few countries, and no dem-

ocratic society, have immigration policies" like Saipan's. Representative George Miller, a Democrat from California who has sponsored legislation that would end Saipan's exemptions, visited the island two weeks ago and said he was "deeply troubled" by conditions.

Terrified of losing its lucrative garment industry, the local government has been lobbying hard in Republican circles to invoke the spirit of free trade to help fight off a federal takeover. In the past year more than 90 members of the House of Representatives, their family members and aides have been flown to Saipan free of charge on inspection visits that include time on the golf courses and coral reefs for which the island is famous. A new Governor, Pedro Tenorio, was inaugurated last week, pledging to reduce the tensions with Washington. "It is in our best interest to see the system work," he says. But Tenorio does not plan to close down the garment industry to save

off a federal takeover. "I think it's premature for me to say 'Close down' after these people invested so much money." Since the Chinese and Korean firms moved in, Saipan's revenues have jumped from \$224 million in 1985 to \$2 billion last year.

The Northern Marianas have a commonwealth agreement with the U.S., negotiated in 1975 to give the local population U.S. citizenship while retaining control over labor and immigration. This was intended to help the locals boost their own economy and keep

out competitive immigrant labor. The opposite has happened: 90% of private-sector workers are aliens, while unemployment among locals has reached 14.2%. The labor market is so skewed that in 1995 the government had to issue a directive forbidding Saipan's welfare recipients to hire foreign workers as maids. And in establishing the commonwealth, the U.S. Congress certainly did not foresee communist China's establishing an economic beachhead on American territory.

Abuses of contract workers are widespread. A recent scam involved offering Bangladeshis jobs supposedly paying \$1,000 a month as security guards on Saipan (shamelessly described as "a train ride away from Los Angeles"). A \$6,000 recruitment fee was demanded. "When we arrived here, suddenly there was no job," says Mohamed Feroj Ahmed, one of more than 100 Bangladeshis who wander the island, indebted but unable to find more than day labor. When told of the Bangladeshis' plight, Congressman Miller said, "How low do you have to get to rip off a Bangladeshi?" ■



Li Li, right, was lured from China by the promise of Saipan. Now, she's suing her employer—and Washington is casting an eye on the islands



**“No democratic society has policies like Saipan’s.” —A CONGRESSIONAL REPORT**

## L E T T E R S



### That's All, Folks

“The *Seinfeld* show is not about ‘nothing’; it is about manners and the breach of social contracts. Jerry Seinfeld is the Molière of our time.”

David Evenson  
Springfield, La.

I RESPECT AND UNDERSTAND JERRY SEINFELD'S decision to make this his show's last season [TELEVISION, Jan. 12]. An ardent fan, I find myself disappointed that there won't be any future episodes in which I could see Jerry in a puffy shirt and discover whom Elaine finds sponge-worthy. But *Seinfeld* will go out with dignity. Yada, yada, yada.

Nancy Hamill  
Alberton, P.E.I.

I ALMOST FEEL AS IF THERE HAS BEEN A death in my family. I *do* have a life, but I want Jerry in it for half an hour a week.

Celeste Pierce  
Newport Beach, Calif.

THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY INCREDIBLY exaggerated media lamentations over Seinfeld's departure. This isn't the death of a President, just the self-elected termination of a program by a comedian with passing humor and little in the way of acting ability. The world will little note nor long remember ...

Ron Ribble  
San Antonio, Texas

THE *SEINFELD* SHOW HAS SUCCEEDED IN spite of Jerry, George and Elaine. Its popularity is due primarily, if not exclusively, to the unique character of Kramer. Without the original and inimitable personality of Michael Richards in this role, *Seinfeld* would not have survived its first season. If NBC is smart, it will replace *Seinfeld* with the *Kramer* show and let this refreshing talent continue to entertain TV audiences.

William C. Ellis  
Groveland, Calif.

AS SEINFELD'S SHOW GAINED POPULARITY among the staff at the public school where I teach, the day after *Seinfeld* became a time for everyone to laugh together at lunch about the antics of the prior evening's episode. So many people are *Seinfeld* fans that phrases such as “master of my domain” or “it's in the

vault” bring immediate recognition and response even among strangers. *Seinfeld* has given us nine years of original, intelligent comedy and four unforgettable characters without a trace of American sitcom sugarcoating. *Seinfeld* has made us closer as a nation by giving us something we can all laugh about.

Lisa M. Palumbo  
Northampton, Mass.

ENOUGH WITH THE POP-CULTURE THING! The media have outdone themselves with overkill of the Seinfeld-decision-to-quit “news” story. What is happening to journalistic standards?

Thomas Beyer  
Holland, Mich.

### Another Kennedy Death

MICHAEL KENNEDY WAS AN EXPERT SKIER, and his death was not the result of reckless behavior [NATION, Jan. 12]. I was one of several fathers participating in the ski football game the day of the accident. I would certainly not have played with my 11-year-old son if there had been any evident danger. None of us were told not to play by any official of the Aspen Skiing Co. Ski-patrol members invariably skied behind us to complete their afternoon sweep, and ski-lift personnel routinely ferried our ski poles to the bottom of the mountain. Michael was the best all-terrain skier I have ever seen. He was skiing at a moderate speed on a well-lit and well-groomed intermediate slope, playing a game with his children, something many of us have done without incident for nearly 20 years. Like all sports, including ski racing and ski jumping, ski football has an inherent risk, but Michael's death was far from reckless; it was a tragic accident.

Blake Fleetwood  
New York City

SKIING IS A HAZARDOUS SPORT, AND THE last hour before the lifts shut down is the most dangerous. Legs are tired, vision is



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impaired and judgment can be poor. The expert skier knows this. The Kennedys should never have been allowed to play their game. This death was not just another Kennedy tragedy; it was an act of sheer stupidity.

Dick Kent  
Encino, Calif.

MEMBERS OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY FOR the most part have quietly dedicated their lives to helping the disadvantaged. This to me is the Kennedy legacy. Whatever its flaws and human frailties, the family is still an example to the rest of us that a life of service is a higher calling.

Diane Ley  
San Diego

### The Deadly T-3 Aircraft

AS A PILOT, I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR report on the T-3, the propeller-driven trainer flown by cadets at the U.S. Air

### Rage on the Road



In response to our story about aggressive drivers [SOCIETY, Jan. 12], Edward C. McDonagh of Amherst, Mass., recalled a letter he wrote to us almost 35 years ago in which he said, "The car has become a secular sanctuary for the individual, his shrine to the self, his mobile Walden Pond." As McDonagh is the first to admit, it's a different world today. "The car and its drivers have become mobile anarchists," he ruefully mused. "The Sunday drive, taken solely for pleasure, is just a dim memory." Maintaining a belligerent approach was Miami's Roberto Botero, who confessed, "Yes, I am one of those monsters hurtling down the fast lane at 70 miles an hour, swerving to miss the 'jerk' cruising along at 60, after having signaled him for a quarter of a mile to move over. We don't need to bond with our fellow drivers; we need for them to know the rules of the road." Blaming highway angst on the inefficiency of our transportation infrastructure, Drew Poulos of Scottsdale, Ariz., asked, "Where is Star Trek technology when we need it? As long as we continue to convey ourselves with antiquated bits of metal on asphalt, road rage will continue. Until we change, get out of my way!"

Force Academy that has killed six people in three crashes [NATION, Jan. 12]. By suggesting that the failure of the plane's single engine has caused the aircraft to fall and corkscrew into the ground, you perpetuate the misunderstanding that flying and airplanes are inherently dangerous. The truth is that a good pilot will almost always walk away uninjured from an engine failure by finding an open space on the ground and gliding the plane to a forced but safe landing.

Lawrence D. Martin  
Naples, Fla.

THANKS TO MARK THOMPSON FOR TURNING the spotlight on the safety problems with the T-3. Our son, Captain Dan Fischer, mentioned in the report, was the first instructor to die in a T-3 crash. It is clear to us that the T-3 is a flawed "dream" plane, promoted by an arrogant Air Force general, Merrill McPeak. He expected inexperienced students to be able to do spins and rolls without parachutes. These young people were the victims of a program hurriedly begun before the T-3 was adequately adapted for the thin Colorado air, before instructors were sufficiently trained, before safety and mechanical problems were solved. Losing our son in such a senseless way has undermined our trust in this nation's military leaders. American taxpayers should question the use of their money for such dangerous planes.

Linda and Earl Fischer  
Jupiter, Fla.

WHAT KIND OF MILITARY STUPIDITY allows the top brass to decide the merits of training techniques in a proven inferior aircraft? A plane with 66 engine failures and 119 recommended "fixes" by its English manufacturer is a certain invitation to disaster. Even more asinine is the fact that the people in charge ignored the flight instructors' declarations of danger. Maybe the top brass should have been forced to fly in the questionable T-3. That would have educated or eliminated our faulty decision makers.

Dana Vickery  
Gardner, Mass.

### Woody Allen Ties the Knot

YOUR SHORT PIECE ON THE MARRIAGE OF Woody Allen and Soon-Yi Previn [PEOPLE, Jan. 12] said Mr. Allen is writing an off-Broadway show for Ms. Previn. This so-called news, based on nothing more than an item published in a New York City newspaper, is totally erroneous.

Leslee Dart  
PMK Public Relations  
New York City



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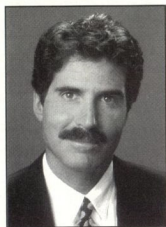


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AND SO NOW MIA FARROW IS WOODY'S mother-in-law?

*Ray Fisher  
Miami*

## The Pain of Alzheimer's

AS A PERSON WITH A MOTHER AND AN aunt who have Alzheimer's, I very much relate to the accuracy of Roger Rosenblatt's description of this horrid disease [ESSAY, Jan. 12]. Being with my mother is like encountering 10 different people at the same time. Which one will be at the other end of the exchange? The nasty one? The childlike one? The confused one? The hostile one? The loving one? Or, hardest of all, the one who seems as if she is the same sweet person I have always known? For whatever consolation it is, I believe that her awareness of pain flees as quickly as rational thought. But the pain for those of us who watch the process is unending. It is comforting to know that someone understands.

*Margie Wakeman-Wells  
Culver City, Calif.*

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## Give Smokers a Break?

FOR CALIFORNIA TO OUTLAW SMOKING IN bars is ludicrous [AMERICAN SCENE, Jan. 12]. It is one thing to ban smoking in restaurants, public buildings, malls, stadiums, hospitals, but in bars? Cigarettes and alcohol go hand in hand. The tavern, pub and bar have been smoke-filled environments for centuries. C'mon, give us smokers a break! I bet the next thing we'll hear is that people who go outside to puff a cigarette are polluting California's air. I'm sure glad I don't live there.

*Jennifer Kraemer  
Dublin, Pa.*

I'M AMAZED TO FIND MYSELF, A 65-YEAR-old female, in agreement with a man who wears green fingernail polish, a feather boa and a skirt. But yes, dude; as weirdly dressed drummer Traci Michael said, it is all about control. Wake up, America!

*Lois R. Taylor  
Widefield, Colo.*

## Finding Asian Solutions

HOW SINCERE CAN TREASURY SECRETARY Robert Rubin be about the U.S.'s taking a more active role in aiding hard-pressed Asian nations [WORLD, Jan. 12]? Isn't this the guy whose links to an investment bank that underwrote Mexican bonds came under scrutiny after he mobilized the financial rescue of Mexico that included \$20 billion from the U.S.? By destabilizing foreign currencies, Rubin and his ilk have done more to propagate human misery than the worst despots. They charge high interest rates to foreign countries, knowing that the U.S. taxpayer or the International Monetary Fund will aid these nations.

*Jerry Jung  
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.*

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# NOTEBOOK

## VERBATIM

**“Dad never demonstrated any fear, although my sisters and I lived in terror he’d be killed by an assassin.”**

**SUSIE BLACKMUN**,  
daughter of retired Supreme  
Court Justice Harry  
Blackmun, on the impact of  
the Roe v. Wade decision

**“It’s clear that cracking the genetic code would be of significantly less benefit if we allow our moral code to become cracked as well.”**

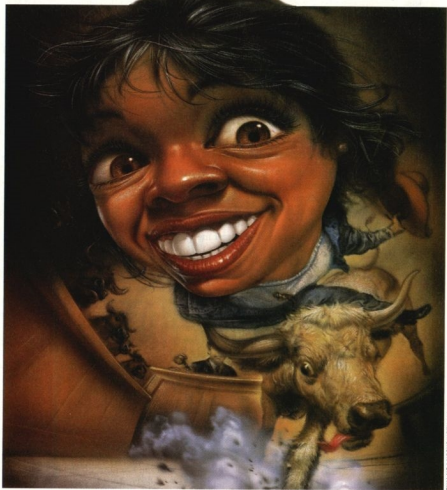
**VICE PRESIDENT AL GORE**,  
proposing a federal ban on  
genetic discrimination in  
the workplace

**“It’s extraordinary how nothing ever dies completely, even the evil that was Nazi Germany’s and which today is gaining ground in this land.”**

**YEHUDI MENUHIN**,  
from an interview in  
France’s *Le Figaro*

**“Serena, I’m sorry to take you out.”**

**VENUS WILLIAMS**,  
after defeating her younger  
sister in the second round  
of the Australian Open  
Tennis Tournament



**A JURY OF HER STEERS** TV host Oprah Winfrey is riding high in Amarillo, Texas, as she fights charges that a show she did on mad-cow disease violated a Lone Star State law against making false and disparaging remarks about beef.

## WINNERS & LOSERS

### DYNAMIC DUOS—AND NOT SO DYNAMIC ONES

**LEWIS & CLARK**  
Lewinsky went from this small college to the White House. Not bad—depending on her next step

**TED & DAVID KACZYNSKI**  
Ted, thanks to a plea bargain, gets to live. And David doesn't have to live with the guilt

**VENUS & SERENA WILLIAMS**  
The tennis phenoms prove they are both champs

**PAULA & GENNIFER**  
The only thing worse than being Today's Sex Scandal is being Yesterday's Sex Scandal

**ARAFAT & NETANYAHU**  
Neither had the full attention of the press and the public, if you know what we mean

**CASTRO & THE POPE**  
Was there an event going on in Cuba or something?





## THE SCOOP

## IRAQ

## Squeezing Military Secrets Out of Saddam

**SADDAM HUSSEIN'S** REFUSAL TO ALLOW U.N. inspection of sensitive sites suspected of harboring secrets about his chemical- and biological-warfare capability has sharply raised the stakes in the confrontation with the U.S. "Sooner or later, something is going to give."

**PRESIDENT CLINTON** said publicly last week during one of the few escapes he got from

Zippergate. Privately, White House aides are suggesting that U.S. military force may soon be unavoidable. "We're not going to stand by if we feel that our interests are profoundly threatened," says

one. Administration officials believe Saddam's political and military authority would be disrupted by sustained bombing—even though they acknowledge air power alone is unlikely to eliminate his capability to resume production of chemical and biological weapons. But if the U.N. monitors are unable to perform their mission, little is lost by resort to force, they argue. In the end, even the gulf states, though ambivalent about U.S. military action, are more concerned about their

security than about the reaction on the Arab street. Their attitude has helped convince Washington policymakers that failure to respond to Saddam's seemingly endless provocations would have profound security implications for the oil-rich region. —By Dean Fischer/Washington

## SUNDANCE

## Chilly Changes for a Red-Hot Film Festival?

THE RECENTLY CONCLUDED SUNDANCE Film Festival in Park City, Utah, was a feast for independent-film lovers, but many of the 6,000 or so residents in the tiny ski-resort town were happy to see it end. Some Main Street merchants estimated that sales, outside of hotels and restaurants, dropped about 20% or more last week because skiers steered clear of the fest site. The city is due for a different invasion in 2002, when the Winter Olympics arrive, and Sundance may have to alter its plans radically that year. A festival spokesman says the event could be held a week earlier, but Park City Olympics planner and former police chief **FRANK BELL** says he's "skeptical Sundance can operate in any proximity to the Games." In the meantime negotiations will continue, although the Olympics may push Sundance out of its regular January slot, if not its location. For now, no one is willing to stage a fight. "I don't think anybody wants to compete with the Olympics," says Bell—not even **ROBERT REDFORD**.

Redford

—By Jeffrey Ressler/Park City

## THE PEACE PROCESS

## Why Can't We Just Be Friends?

IN **BILL CLINTON'S** INITIAL 90-MINUTE Oval Office meeting last Tuesday with Israeli Prime Minister **BENJAMIN NETANYAHU**, the President chided his visitor for meeting with the Rev. **JERRY FALWELL** and evangelical Christian groups at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington the day before coming to the White House. "Look, Bibi," said Clinton firmly. "You meet with Falwell [because] you think I am snubbing you. I could make the



Netanyahu

argument that you are giggling me." The television evangelist, who is anathema to Clinton, has distributed political videotapes that conspiratorially—and unconvincingly—hint, among other things, at the former Governor's complicity in an Arkansas killing. Moreover, Netanyahu asked Falwell and his conservative supporters to use their influence in Congress to lobby against Administration pressure on Israel to hand over West Bank land to the Palestinians. But the President was in a magnanimous mood, telling Netanyahu, "Let's forget about it. We've got a lot of work to do." Netanyahu agreed readily. The President's initiative in defusing the issue improved the atmosphere of the talks. Says a White House adviser: "Given the distractions around here, the extent to which [the President] bent his shoulder to the wheel was stunning." —By Dean Fischer/Washington

## THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon for TIME by Mike Luckovich

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Introducing Colgate Total<sup>®</sup>, the new toothpaste that actually  
keeps working long after you've stopped brushing, giving you protection  
morning, noon and night. (Good thing we don't charge by the hour.)

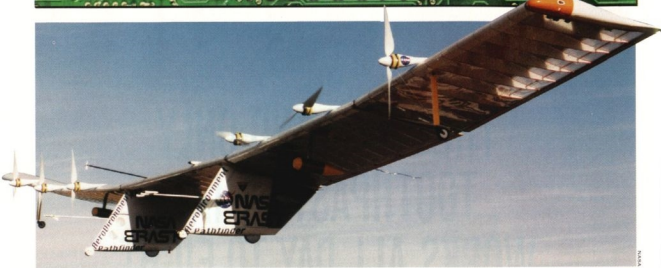


Brush twice daily.

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THE BRUSHING THAT WORKS BETWEEN BRUSHINGS.<sup>™</sup>





## NASA's High Flyer Earns Its Weird Wings

**I**F FLYING MAKES YOU QUEASY, YOU'LL BE relieved to know that Pathfinder—NASA's ultralight, solar-powered aircraft, that is, not the Mars lander of the same name—isn't taking passengers just yet. But according to a NASA briefing last week, the remote-controlled plane's high-altitude (71,500 ft.), low-speed (15 m.p.h.) flights are perfect for the kind of environmental research now being done by orbiting satellites. Pathfinder's flexible 99-ft. wings, glistening with \$1 million worth of solar panels, have been tested only in sunny Hawaii. So the plane carries a backup battery system, just in case.

## Future TV: A Picture Worth a Thousand Pixels



**A**S AMERICA'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH COLOR TELEVISION edges toward its silver anniversary, manufacturers are hard at work on the next generation of eye-popping, high-resolution, wide-screen sets.

The recent Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas was full of new TVs in all shapes and sizes, but the most tempting were the slim-screen plasma displays. Made by Fujitsu, left, and Philips, the 42-inchers offer twice the sharpness of today's sets—perfect for movies in the new DVD format.

Two catches: they carry a jumbo \$11,000 price tag, and they aren't wired to display movies in the upcoming high-definition TV standard. The first HDTV sets, due out this fall, will look more like refrigerators than wall hangings, and there still isn't any HDTV for them to show.

### BANDWIDTH

**NEED SPEED?** For those with access to the newest bandwidth dragsters, here are the zippiest ways to cruise the Web:

Modem	28,000 bits per second
Fastest modem	56,000
ISDN	128,000
Satellite	400,000
Cable modem	1,500,000
DSL	1,500,000

### VIDEOGEAR



**SHOT IN THE DARK** Lost in a morass of camcorder specs? Sony's 1998 HandyCam models (\$599-\$1,399) still offer old standbys like SteadyShot and wireless TV playback, but the standout is the new NightShot feature. Heat-sensitive infrared sensors let you shoot in a pitch-black room, although the washed-out images aren't exactly ready for prime time.

### CAR TECH

**BEYOND FUZZY DICE** Here's a dangerous idea for the upwardly mobile commuter: Ingenious Technologies' \$40 PowerDesk platform lets you clamp a laptop to your car's steering wheel.



Microsoft

Where do you want to go today?



I hate busy signals. As if  
I don't know I'm busy.

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## Wag the Clinton

**M**UCH HAS BEEN MADE OF THE SIMILARITIES between the movie *Wag the Dog* (one of the stars: Robert De Niro, above, left) and the brouhaha in Washington (one of the stars: Vernon Jordan, above, right). But a comparison reveals that Tinseltown fantasy is far tamer than inside-the-Beltway reality.

**MOVIE:** Offscreen, President fondles "fiery girl" in back room of White House.  
**REAL LIFE:** On tape, intern allegedly recounts tales of oral sex with President in back room of White House.

**MOVIE:** Events in Albania distract nation from scandal.  
**REAL LIFE:** Scandal distracts nation from events in Cuba, Ireland and Iraq.

**MOVIE:** Mr. Political Fix-It (De Niro) is brought in to manage scandal.  
**REAL LIFE:** Mr. Political Fix-It (Jordan) is accused of being part of scandal.

**MOVIE:** President makes it through crisis to happy ending.  
**REAL LIFE:** Well, this ain't Hollywood.

## Giving a Name To the Whole Awful Mess

**A** SCANDAL IS NOTHING 'til somebody names it, and scandals make good TV. Upon news of the latest presidential indiscretion, the best minds in television spent fevered hours devising the slickest titles, graphics and theme music since *Nightline's* America Held Hostage. To honor that distinguished crisis franchise, we've awarded one to five Khomeinis to each network:



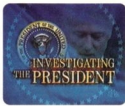
**ABC News** Rating: Crisis in the White House is a little vague—there could be a war, a terrorist, or somebody may have forgotten to take Buddy for a walk. But the tight White House shot effectively evokes tension; ABC News' theme music—do do do do—feels a little tired. Paging Danny Elfman!



**CNN** Rating: You'd think the network that brought you the Gulf War could do better. Investigating is too mild a verb; it suggests a medical checkup. The gray border is monochromatic and nondescript, like something stamped on an official document or government-approved meat.



**Fox News** Rating: Would you expect anything less from Fox and Rupert Murdoch? No mention of Clinton, no mention of White-water, just sex and scandal, baby. This could be a promo for Dawson's Creek, if that show weren't on the WB.



**NBC News** Rating: Classy graphic includes presidential seal and nice shot of anguished Chief Exec. But hold on, doesn't this scandal allegedly involve oral sex? Nice music, but title loses points for lack of originality. (See CNN.)



**CBS News** Rating: One word: gravitas. O.K., two more: phallic symbol. Combines a sweeping cityscape (Washington is in trouble!) with some tabloidy heat (under fire!). No wonder this network is on the rise, but what would Roma Downey think?

## HEALTH REPORT

### THE GOOD NEWS

**YOU RANG?** Tinnitus, the high-pitched ringing in the ears that affects millions, may be in your head. Literally. Scientists have located a part of the brain where spontaneous nerve activity causes the noise of tinnitus.

**FISSURE FIX** Relief is reported for the painful skin tears known as anal fissures. Injecting the area with a tiny amount of botulinum toxin—yes, the stuff that causes botulism—seems to allow the sphincter to relax. That creates more blood flow—and helps the fissure heal.

**COUGH NO MORE?** Ozone—and with it, smog—has gone down significantly since 1980 in New York, Los Angeles and Chicago.

Sources: Neurology; New England Journal of Medicine; Journal of Geophysical Research



BRIAN CROVIN

### THE BAD NEWS

**SOCIAL DISEASE** Folks who are socially ill at ease, anxious and insecure—dubbed "type D" personalities—may be three times as likely to suffer a second heart attack than other first-time heart-attack survivors.

**PMS WOE** PMS may be a biological problem, not an emotional one. Doctors think estrogen and progesterone levels are normal in women with bad PMS, but that something—perhaps in the brain—is reacting to the hormones abnormally.

**OLDER AIDS** Since 1991, AIDS cases among those 50 and older have risen twice as fast as in younger adults. The problem may be that they don't view themselves as at risk. —By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: Circulation; New England Journal of Medicine; Centers for Disease Control



## MILESTONES

**INDICTED.** **JOHN GOTTI JR.**, 33, reputed successor of jailed Mob boss John Gotti; on charges that include racketeering and extortion; in White Plains, N.Y.

**SENTENCED.** **MIR AIMAL KANSI**, 33, Pakistani terrorist who in 1993 ambushed CIA headquarters, killing two of its employees; to death; in Fairfax, Va.

**DIED.** **JAY MONAHAN**, 42, NBC News legal analyst and husband of *Today* show host Katie Couric; of cancer; in New York City.

**DIED.** **CARL PERKINS**, 65, Big Daddy of rockabilly; after a series of strokes; in Jackson, Tenn. *Blue Suede Shoes*, his anthem to teenage vanity nearly became his requiem when, as he was en route to a key national-TV performance in 1956, a car crash hobbled him and his career. Drinking binges fol-

lowed, but so did songs—*Honey Don't*, *Matchbox*—that helped teach the Beatles rock 'n' roll.



**DIED.** **JACK LORD**, 77, clean-cut actor who played his TV tough guys straight and a little bit square; of heart failure; in Honolulu.

The West and its clichés suited Lord as the rodeo-going *Stoney Burke*, but he left the range for *Hawaii Five-O*. The locale changed, but his Lawman soul didn't, as Detective ("Book 'Em, Danno") McGarrett on TV's longest-running crime drama.

**DIED.** **HARRY ASHMORE**, 81, Pulitzer prizewinning editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*; in Santa Barbara, Calif. In 1957, Ashmore's leery support of "the admission of only a few, carefully screened Negro students" to an all-white high school in Little Rock resounded like a call to arms against bigotry.

**DIED.** **MARY BUNTING-SMITH**, 87, visionary Radcliffe president; in Hanover, N.H. She fought what she termed the "climate of unexpectation" for girls in the '60s by starting Radcliffe's Institute for Independent Study, now called the Bunting Institute.



BOB HANDEL/FOX FOR TIME

## NUMBERS

**\$25 million:** Estimated cost to date of the Whitewater investigation

**\$25.8 million:** Federal funds budgeted for the Washington police department in 1997



**15.7:** Rating for last Thursday's 10 p.m. rerun of *ER* on NBC

**7.9:** Rating for last Thursday's 10 p.m. news special on the White House crisis on CBS's *48 Hours*

**\$1.3 million:** Cost of a 30-sec. ad unit aired during Super Bowl XXXII

**9:** Number of ad units Anheuser-Busch bought for Super Bowl XXXII

**\$1.26 billion:** Profit earned by the U.S. Postal Service in 1997

**\$17.3 million:** Box-office gross for the film *The Postman* after four weeks



**11:** Number of NFL head-coach vacancies after the 1996 season

**0:** Number of head-coach vacancies filled by African Americans

Source: New York Times; Office of Chief Financial Officer, District of Columbia; Ultimate TV; Associated Press; Baseline

## FOOTNOTE

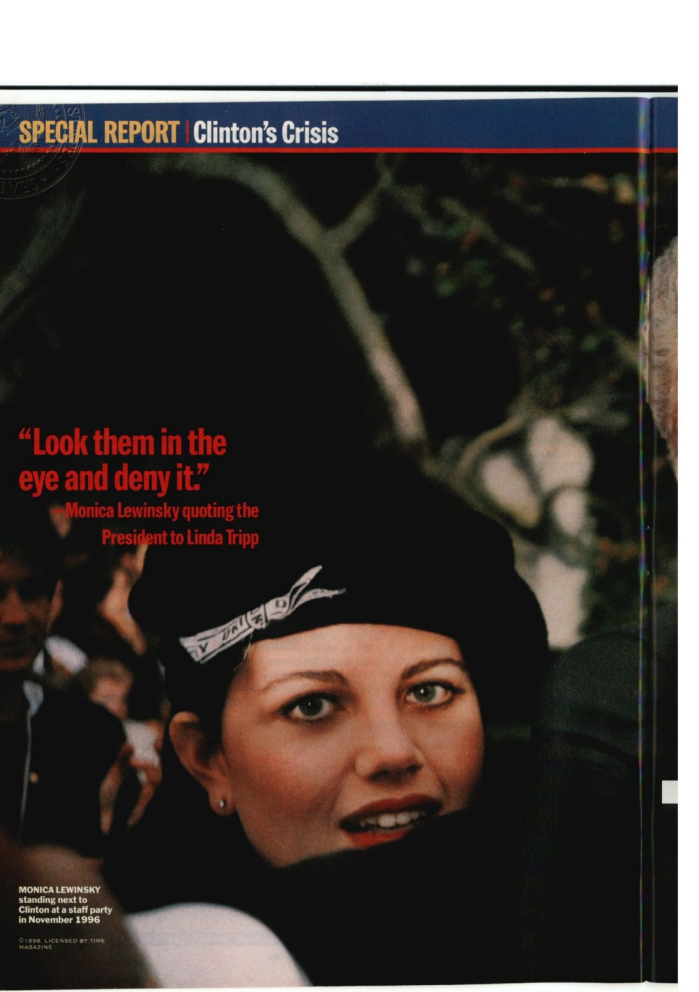
**THE LAST UNKNOWN SOLDIER?** 1st Lieut. **MICHAEL BLASSIE**'s 138th combat mission ended in flames near An Loc, South Vietnam, in May 1972, when the enemy blasted the wing off his plane. What is unknown is whether Blassie, then a 24-year-old Air Force Academy graduate, now rests beneath a sacred marble slab in the Tomb of the Unknowns at Arlington National Cemetery. That possibility got a boost last week as veterans detailed their hunch that, through snafus and an eagerness to anoint a Vietnam-era vet as an unknown, the Pentagon ignored evidence that could have determined if the six bones buried at Arlington are Blassie's. The two



Vietnam's unknown remains

World Wars and Korea generated thousands of unknown candidates for the tomb. But by Vietnam, improved forensic science had precluded nearly all anonymous KIAs. Pentagon officials note that in 1984, when the Vietnam unknown was selected, the DNA "fingerprinting" used today didn't exist. But because of the Pentagon's desire to satisfy the Blassie family, there is a good chance the remains will be exhumed to see if they are his. If so, his family wants to rebury him back home near St. Louis, or perhaps elsewhere in Arlington. Pentagon officials believe such a move would signal the end of a military tradition.

—By Mark Thompson



**SPECIAL REPORT** | Clinton's Crisis

**“Look them in the  
eye and deny it.”**

—Monica Lewinsky quoting the  
President to Linda Tripp

MONICA LEWINSKY  
standing next to  
Clinton at a staff party  
in November 1996

©1998 LICENSED BY TIME  
MAGAZINE



TIME

**“There is not a  
sexual relationship.”**

— Bill Clinton to Jim Lehrer

**Truth or ...**

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

KEN STARR assured a swarm of reporters that he was relying on "appropriate investigative techniques"

A photograph of Ken Starr, an older man with glasses, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and a red patterned tie. He is standing behind a podium with several microphones. He is surrounded by a dense crowd of reporters and photographers. In the foreground, a hand is visible holding a microphone towards him. The background is dark, with some blurred figures and equipment. The overall atmosphere is one of a high-pressure media event.

# Consequen



nces

## The worst week of Clinton's presidency brought tales of sex and cover-ups that threatened to sink even the Comeback Kid

By NANCY GIBBS

**A**MERICANS LIKE TO BRING THEIR CHILDREN to the White House, maybe get a picture, take a tour, hear a story. This is where one man decided to free 4 million slaves, others to wage a just war, to build a Great Society, to topple an "evil empire." Great men, when they take custody of the presidency, make the Oval Office shine, stake their claim to a portrait on the creamy walls. Lesser men, at the very least, are expected not to smear mud on them. When Bill Clinton got the keys six years ago, the voters knew he brought a lot of debris with him, joints he didn't inhale and truths he didn't tell and women he hadn't slept with ("They were awake at the time," his aides privately explained). It was a leap of faith by the voters that put him there. At the very least, they wanted him to keep the office clean.

That is why last week the allegations of a President spotting a fresh face in a ripe dress at a White House party, and eventually inviting her into a private study off the Oval Office for oral sex, and remarking that if she never told, no one would know, was enough to inspire first dizziness, then a regicidal rage. Through Clinton's peaceful, prosperous tenure he has been forgiven a world of winks and wiggly answers about youthful indiscretions and adult lapses of judgment. Last week even his apologists didn't know where to begin.

The only image as troubling as the spectacle of a teetering presidency was the possibility that a flirtatious, love-starved girl given to bragging about her conquests might have been spinning some ruinous fantasy about a love affair with the President. Monica Lewinsky's story was so tawdry, and so devastating, it was hard to know which was harder to believe: that she would make up such a story, or that it actually might have happened.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

Without proof, both possibilities were left to squirm side by side. Either Lewinsky was lying when she swore under oath that she had never had a sexual relationship with the President, or she was lying through the hours of conversations she had with her friend Linda Tripp, who would later betray her, keeping a tape running to spin a web that would catch a President. As each new tape surfaced, each new detail arose, of Secret Service logs showing late-night visits when Hillary was out of town, of presents sent by courier, of a dark dress saved as a souvenir, spattered with the President's DNA, the American public began stripping Bill Clinton of the benefit of the doubt. A TIME/CNN poll last week found half of Americans saying he lacks the moral character to be President and should be impeached if the charges prove true.

That assessment was already looking generous by the weekend, as Americans resigned themselves to turning on the news or picking up their papers and having to read stories that painted the White House as a harem, the President as a lecher and the government as a hostage to his libido. No matter what he does, the President now faces a steady flow of ugly leaks from the conversations Tripp recorded or recalled having with Lewinsky. In those conversations, Lewinsky is graphic in detailing, and at times denigrating, the President's sexual characteristics and performance. Clinton, she claimed at one point, had a strict rule: oral sex only. "At my age," she says he told her, "you can't take the risk of intercourse." Lewinsky jokes that if she ever got to leave her job at the Pentagon and return to the White House, she would be made "Special Assistant to the President for b... j..."

EVEN WHITE HOUSE SOLDIERS TRAINED BY years of muscular damage control staggered last Wednesday when they picked up their morning papers. The first few hours were horrible, easily the worst day in a presidency with more than its share of bad days. Within the hour they faced a parade of hyperventilating talk-show hosts clutching the Constitution and handicapping the prospect of impeachment proceedings; of psychologists explaining how to tell children that the President might be a liar and a serial philanderer; of network



**ALL SMILES** The Clintons manage to keep up appearances at a White House dinner last Wednesday, the day the Monica Lewinsky scandal seizes control of their lives

anchors jetting back from Havana, where they had thought maybe the big story of the week would occur; and of Clinton explaining that yes, the American people had a right to hear an answer about whether he had seduced an employee, but no, he

wasn't ready to give it just yet. The normally surefooted White House spokesman Mike McCurry couldn't get through the daily press briefing without getting stuck in the contrivances of strict legalese over what was meant by denying any "improper relationship." "I'm not going to parse the statement," he said, not once, but five times. "It speaks for itself."

"It's like we're standing under Niagara Falls, looking for a boat to get us out of here," McCurry said privately. Many in the White House had the air of experienced plane-crash investigators going about their business with grim efficiency. As with past scan-



REUTERS/CONOR DOUGHERTY

for someone to take charge, and it was certainly not going to be the President. He was wiped out, flat on his back, depressed by the enormity of what faced him. That collapse was by itself taken as a confession of guilt even by those who had kept the faith for years. While the President lay dead tired on the sofa, Hillary went to war.

It all had a familiar feeling. Six years ago this past weekend, just after the Super Bowl, Hillary Rodham Clinton held up her head with the velvet band, nodded like Nancy Reagan in her mother-of-the-bride sea-green outfit and saved her husband's dying presidential candidacy on *60 Minutes*. Choosing his words carefully, Bill denied he had had a "12-year affair" with Gennifer Flowers; Hillary's expression of faith in him was far more persuasive than his answers; and Clinton went on to victory. To those who wondered why she didn't walk away then, and hasn't since, a close Clinton friend for two decades replies: "They do not have the kind of marriage you and I have."

Whatever the latest charges against her husband, he is protected by her utter loathing of the man who brings them: Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr. Hillary has always seen Starr as a deeply compromised, highly partisan enemy appointed out of political vengeance by a three-judge panel headed by conservative Appeals Court Judge David Sentelle. The Clintons have been dodging his searchlights for nearly four years now, as he rooted around old Arkansas land deals and Vince Foster's death and Travelgate and other alleged White House transgressions. The only consolation was that however much Starr tried to stretch his jurisdiction, some things were still out of bounds.

But they weren't off limits to Paula Jones and her lawyers. They have spent the past three years focused *only* on the President's love life, tracking every woman the President ever worked with, leered at, was alone in a room with, to try to prove a pattern of sexual harassment. Last week they let on they were considering deposing the President's cousin many times removed, Catherine Cornelius, to see if their relationship went beyond kinship. They have suggested that the list of women in their sights is a mile long.

Up until now, the whole Jones operation always had a burlesque quality to it; however plausible her charges that then

dals like Whitewater and Travelgate, the White House operation divided cleanly between the President's legal team—Charles Ruff, David Kendall, Bob Bennett—who didn't want Clinton to talk, period, and his political strategists, who wanted to send him out to calm the waters. And so, true to form, the President did both: gave his interviews but didn't say anything. And that only made matters worse.

By this time everyone has learned that a Clinton denial must be decoded. The man who once said he had "never broken the laws of my country" when answering questions about his marijuana inhaling (he

was at Oxford at the time), and who claimed to have "caused pain in my marriage" to avoid having to use the singular or plural when discussing his love affairs, now faces an audience no longer naive about presidential double-talk. Thus when Clinton sat down with Jim Lehrer on Wednesday afternoon and repeated, in heavily lawyered cadences, that "I didn't ask anybody not to tell the truth," reporters pounced on the use of the double negative as another linguistic trapdoor. Try as it would, the White House could not seem to manage a believable denial all day.

And so by Wednesday night it was time

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

### A Tangled Web of Politics, Seduction and Litigation

In the West Wing, the Clintons and the White House staff were thrown together during the day and sometimes into the night. Here's who was where in 1994-95:



#### 1 BILL CLINTON

*President*

Denies both having had a sexual relationship with Lewinsky and later asking her to lie about their dealings.



#### 2 MONICA LEWINSKY

*Intern*

From June to December of 1995 worked for Panetta making runs to this administrative office from a building next door.



#### 3 HILLARY CLINTON

*First Lady*

First presidential wife to have a West Wing office. Less prone than her husband to roam the corridors.



Second floor of West Wing, 1994

## ENABLERS AND ENFORCERS: THE TWO WHITE HOUSE CULTURES

FROM THE FIRST DAYS OF THE first term, the Clinton White House has been two places. On one side is the First Lady's operation, which includes Hillary and her immediate staff, a buttoned-down culture in which meetings are brief and businesslike, hallway encounters are pleasantly reserved, and there is regular family time in the evening. And then there's Bill's Big Easy. The President is more orderly now than in his first term, when he favored rambling meetings and corridors crowded with young aides. But he's still Bill Clinton. Even after Hillary has turned in for the night, he's prone to drift to the West Wing offices—the presidential equivalent of a walk on the wild side—for late-night bull sessions.

All of which means there has always been plenty about Bill's White House for

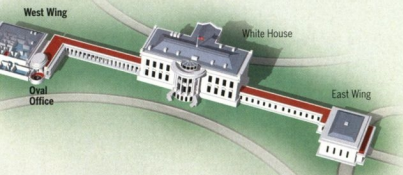
Hillary's White House to keep an eye on, a slightly unbuckled atmosphere in which sex, if not exactly a certainty, is not exactly unthinkable. When he went to the White House in 1993 as one of the youngest American Presidents ever, Clinton attracted a flock of aides and interns just out of college: males who regarded mild flirtation as harmless fun, females who seemed to enjoy the attention. And whatever lessons he drew from the Gennifer Flowers embarrassment, Clinton has never felt it necessary to pretend that good-looking women are beyond his notice. Within the first months of his first term, the West Wing was crammed with them, pretty young interns "who had nothing better on their résumés than their good looks," says a woman who served in a senior policy job. "This is a President who appeals to groupies."

Some Clinton advisers now wonder

if they should have done more to keep a lid on things. For a man with Clinton's lively libido, the West Wing presented a garden of temptation. Did it lead him over the edge? "It wasn't that aides arranged this [environment]," says a former official. "It's that they didn't do much to stop it. They didn't want to get cut out or lose their standing, or they feared his blue-tropic rages."

In that provocative climate, the No. 1 keeper of good order was Evelyn Lieberman. A Hillary operative in Bill's world, she went to the White House in 1993 as the First Lady's assistant, then moved up three years later to become Clinton's deputy chief of staff. Until she left that job in December 1996 to head the Voice of America, her White House duties could include anything from arranging furniture to making sure aides had the President's briefing papers





TIME Diagram by Ed Gabell



**4 BETTY CURRIE**  
President's Personal Secretary  
She is a link between President Clinton and Lewinsky.



**5 EVELYN LIEBERMAN**  
Deputy Chief of Staff  
Displeased with Lewinsky, had her shipped to the Pentagon.



**6 LEON PANETTA**  
Chief of Staff  
Lewinsky occasionally answered the phones outside his first-floor office.



**7 LINDA TRIPP**  
Secretary  
Left the White House in August 1994 for the Pentagon, where she later befriended Lewinsky.

first floor  
of West Wing,  
1995

Cabinet  
room

Personal  
aide

Oval Office

ready. But Lieberman also put a brake on the free-wheeling Clinton kids. She would regularly upbraid interns for wearing open-toed shoes or using the upstairs rest room that she wanted reserved for guests. Under her regime, hemlines fell among female interns, and blouses were buttoned. Says an aide: "Evelyn was the enforcer."

She was a kind of minesweeper too. Ever alert for good-looking female aides who might be hanging around the President too much, Lieberman gave them the boot before they could make trouble. A former White House aide told TIME that in late 1995 and early 1996, senior female staff members working for Lieberman transferred at least two pretty young women to jobs outside the White House because Clinton kept dropping by to flirt. When he "got too chatty with somebody, usually someone with a large chest, a couple of the older women would see she got moved," says the aide. That's what happened to Lewinsky. Sources say it was Lieberman who arranged to have

the coltish intern transferred to the Pentagon after Lieberman concluded she was spending too much time in the West Wing.

Recovering alcoholics sometimes talk about enablers, the people who help them go on drinking, either by encouraging them outright or by cleaning up after them. When it comes to women, Clinton has had a lifetime of enablers—not just the friends who egged him on but also the ones who helped him sidestep accusations. During the '92 campaign, aide Betsey Wright used to fend off "bimbo eruptions," charges about women from his Arkansas days. Senior adviser Bruce Lindsey used to advise flight attendants on the campaign plane to stay out of range of news cameras when Clinton disembarked. If the claims about Lewinsky are true, then what Clinton needed around him was more Evelyn Liebermans and fewer back-slapping buddies and loyal members of his cleanup crew. If it takes a village to raise a child, maybe it takes a circle of complicit friends to help a grown man go on acting like a teenager.

—By Richard Lacayo.

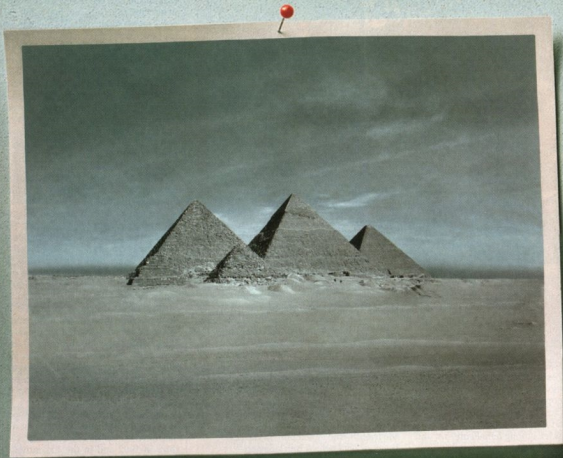
Reported by Ann Blackman, Michael Duffy and Douglas Waller/Washington

Governor Clinton tried to seduce her in an Arkansas hotel room, her affiliation with avowed Clinton haters helped the White House dismiss her crudely as just another book-deal-hungry gold digger. The catastrophe for the White House last week was that all the charges that were manageable when they were separate had suddenly become one scandal, indivisible. When Monica Lewinsky, subpoenaed to testify in the Jones case, whispered to Linda Tripp that Clinton had urged her to deny the affair, Starr wired Tripp up for confirmation. Then he went to the Justice Department to demand a skeleton key that would give him access to the whole ugly universe of sexual misconduct. It was Hillary's worst nightmare: the man she hates most in the world now has the right to probe the issues most painful to her. Even if the Jones case were somehow settled tomorrow, which it won't be, Ken Starr will never go away, and all the dark corners of their marriage will now be his for the hunting.

So while others whispered resignation and worried about felony charges, Hillary decided the Clintons would both come out swinging. "We need a field general," she declared. None lives at the Clinton White House anymore. The Old Guard, always spoiling for a good fight, was gone long ago. Many people who are left want to leave. Most wouldn't dream of asking the President whether the charges were true, and wouldn't get an answer if they did: many aides were simply too stunned and tired to trust their judgment about what to say. While the nasty spin said Monica was too fat, too dumb, even for Clinton, those with a pulse murmured privately, as one put it, that "she fit the type too well."

So there was really only one person who could muster the troops, just as she had in Arkansas in 1980, in New Hampshire in 1992 and in the Executive Residence in 1994, when the Democratic Party died. By Thursday, Hillary was putting together a new, combative team. She wondered if her old, ousted alter ego Harold Ickes could come back, and she added Mickey Kantor to the legal team, more for his political skills than his legal ones. Adviser Sid Blumenthal created a gigantic diagram inside his office outlining with circles and arrows the byzantine Republican conspiracy surrounding the tapes. A fierce argument raged over whether the First Couple, singly or together, should sit down for some big, cathartic confessional on the state of their union before Tuesday's State of the Union. But that idea was rejected, and by Saturday Hillary was fighting on several fronts at once.

First, she asked attorney Bob Bennett to try to move up the trial date of the Paula



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monitor their performance over time, making the changes in funds and allocations that we believe will keep your portfolio strong well after others might have crumbled to dust. Ask your financial advisor. Call 1-888-MANULIFE. Or visit [www.manulife.com](http://www.manulife.com). And see why for annuities, life insurance, or 401(k) plans, we're **smart company for your money.**<sup>SM</sup>



# SPECIAL REPORT Clinton

Jones case, now scheduled to start in May, to keep that scandal from dragging out any longer. Besides, even if Jones has a case, it's a hard one to prove; and were Clinton to emerge victorious from that trial, he could try to spin it into a big, warm blanket vindication. Then she decided that she would be the one to do the talking; she agreed to sit down for a Tuesday *Today* show interview. If she had lost faith in everyone else's ability to do damage control, she still had faith in her own. "They are digging in for the fight of the century," said a senior official tonight. "They are rolling out artillery, antiaircraft guns, and talking about never surrendering."

THERE ARE AT ANY GIVEN TIME 250 INTERNS strolling the 18-acre White House campus, enrolled in the ultimate political science class; and much of the staff is not much older. In the early years it felt like a children's crusade: the President was in his forties, most of his staff were in their thirties and the rest in their twenties. One full-time staff member in the press office was 19. Kids and Cabinet officers seemed to have equal standing in the meetings that went on forever and ever. This was the land of the adolescents who dissed Air Force generals, wore multiple earrings and squeezed into every photo op with the President.

The interns didn't just work at the White House; they seemed to live there. And Clinton was known for hanging out at the offices and cubicles where the prettiest ones worked. "It's a group of men who look," said a female aide. "They all look. It's a construction-worker mentality." Clinton made fun of George Bush for not having a phone line that he could dial out on; last week a White House official said, "There was a reason."

It sometimes seemed as though ambitious West Wing staff members made a point of recruiting the prettiest interns—not only for their own aesthetic pleasure but in hopes that it would inspire the boss to come around more often. That tactic did not go unnoticed by the few senior women on the

**S**TARR'S OFFICE IS BUSY SENDING OUT subpoenas, some for documents and some for personal appearances. **Ver-non Jordan**, Bill Clinton's consigliere, received one, as did his secretary **Betty Currie**. Starr issued similar demands to the **White House**; to **Bill Richardson**, U.S. ambassador to the U.N., who had offered Lewinsky a job; to the **Pentagon's p.r. department**, where Monica Lewinsky worked; and to the **Rutherford Institute**, supporters of Paula Jones' sexual-harassment case against the President—because Lewinsky had been subpoenaed for their case.

Among the items sought pertaining to Lewinsky:

- E-mail messages
- Phone records
- Travel records
- Credit-card charges
- Letters
- Memos
- Security logs

President's staff. A former White House aide tells TIME that on several occasions late in 1995 and early 1996, attractive young women were transferred to the nether reaches of government because Clinton kept dropping by unannounced to flirt with them. When Clinton "got too chatty with somebody," explained the former aide, "a couple of the older, more senior women on the staff would see that these women got moved."

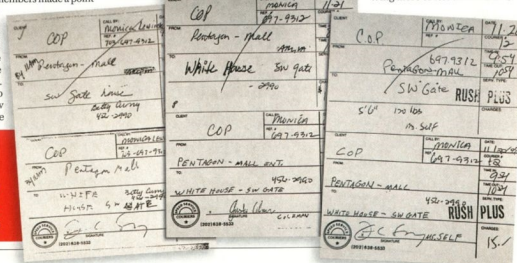
And that is just what happened to Monica Lewinsky. She had arrived in Washington in the summer of 1995, the daughter of a Beverly Hills cancer doctor and a sometime Hollywood gossip writer. Lewinsky had just graduated

as a psychology major from Lewis and Clark College in Oregon and had come to the White House to seek her fortune filing and photocopying and answering the phones. Maybe get invited to a party. Maybe even get to meet the President.

Interns would usually see the President's schedule a day ahead of time but were told to keep their distance. "We were briefed a number of times about what to do if the President is going to be in the building," says a fellow intern. "They'd say, 'Follow protocol. Get out of the way.'" A plum assignment was anything that required a blue pass for the West Wing, which allowed an intern to roam the West Wing more or less at will. Bet-

## SPECIAL DELIVERY

Lewinsky allegedly used couriers to send Clinton notes and an explicit tape





## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

ty Currie, one of the President's private secretaries, was "an untouchable," off limits for networking, and any unsolicited conversation at all from interns.

But Monica was not just any intern. The portrait that was painted last week, by the tapes and the tabloids, was of a rather insinuating, flirtatious young woman with a habit of walking into bosses' offices with coffee they did not ask for. She told her friend Tripp that she met the President at a party that November, where she appeared in a fetching dress and caught the President's eye. Soon after, they began their relationship, she claimed, around the time she was hired as a regular White House staff member, working in the East Wing office of the legislative affairs shop, blue pass around her neck.

But by the following April, she was out of the White House, moved to a job at the Pentagon in spokesman Kenneth Bacon's Office of Public Affairs. As fate would have it, however, Bacon's office was the wrong landing pad for a young woman who loved to gossip. Sitting not far away was Linda Tripp, another former White House aide, who had joined the Bush Administration as a secretary and later ran afoul of the Clinton team. Though Tripp was earnest and efficient, with good instincts and a gift for prose, few White House staff members had good things to say about her last week. "She was awful," says one former official who worked with her in the White House counsel's office. "She was surly; she was sullen; she had a chip on her shoulder and a nasty look on her face." She routinely fought with the other assistants. "We thought she was a Bushie," says one official, "but the real problem is that no one liked her. She was difficult, contentious; the other secretaries just hated her."

How Tripp came to start taping her young friend is itself a cautionary tale for White House damage controllers. Tripp had a history of befriending women who told tales of intimate encounters with the President. She certainly shared the view of those who disapproved of the frolicsome Clinton culture, and was pleased by the 1996 publication of former FBI agent Gary Aldrich's book in which he alleged that sex toys dangled from the White House Christmas tree. Tripp was annoyed by the efforts of the President's men to discredit the author.

When she was still at the White House, she saw a volunteer named Kathleen Willey not far from the Oval Office, her makeup smudged, her blouse untucked. Last summer, when *Newsweek* ran a story about Tripp's account of Willey's saying that Clinton had kissed and fondled her, lawyer Bennett publicly challenged Tripp's honesty. But lawyers for Paula Jones saw Willey and Tripp as golden witnesses and aimed subpoenas at them. Tripp anticipated that she would be asked about Lewinsky and that the White House would challenge anything she had to say. So last August she sought the advice of a friend, a literary agent and former Nixon operative, Lucianne

and confusion. The women spoke all the time, in the Pentagon corridors, over coffee, when they met after work for a drink or drove home together. Lewinsky spoke of at least a dozen sexual encounters with Clinton, perhaps as many as 20. She claimed she would go to the White House, usually in the late afternoon or evenings, and be cleared in by Currie. When Lewinsky and the President couldn't rendezvous in person, they allegedly did it on the phone. The phone sex picked up in frequency as her invitations to see Clinton tapered off after the Willey story broke last August.

Lewinsky's account alternates from puppy love for the man she refers to as "handsome" to sorrow that she didn't get to see him as much as she wanted, to eventual bitterness at "the Creep" who let her be banished to the Pentagon. Talking to Tripp, she referred to his intrusive staff as "the protectors" and to ex-girlfriends in the White House as "graduates." At times the very amount of detail strains credibility. In one exchange, Lewinsky laments that when she tried to get into the White House one night to visit the President, the guard turned her away, saying another woman had got there first.

There is throughout the account the sweet-and-sour scent of a high school romance. Lewinsky talked of presents they exchanged: he gave her a dress and a volume of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*; she gave him ties and a statue of a frog (an old Clinton obsession), along with love letters and a sexually explicit tape; the packages were addressed to Currie and delivered by private courier.

Lewinsky also brought at least three microcassettes from her home message machine and played them for Tripp at the Pentagon. The President can be heard saying hello, but leaving no lengthy messages and certainly nothing incriminating. But in her conversations with Tripp, Lewinsky referred to the President's legal coaching; when she expressed fears about records of her comings and goings and what Currie might say one day in a sworn deposition, Clinton supposedly replied, "There's no proof. Look them in the eye and deny it."

Even more damaging are the conversations that occurred after Lewinsky was subpoenaed by Paula Jones' lawyers in December. She said Clinton told her to see his



CHRISTOPHER W. PETERSON



SMITH ANDREW/ALAMY PHOTOGRAPHY—TIMOTHY O'NEILL

### WOMEN'S DAY?

Gennifer Flowers, above, and Paula Corbin Jones, much maligned for making sexual allegations about Clinton, may now feel vindicated. Jones, who claims sex harassment, is awaiting her day in court

Goldberg. Goldberg has represented the Arkansas state troopers who went public with stories of Clinton womanizing, as well as a woman named Dolly Kyle Browning who has been trying to sell an account of her own alleged affair with the President. The agent had approached Tripp through an intermediary months before to suggest she participate in a book on former White House lawyer Vince Foster; Tripp had been the last to see Foster before his suicide. The women never struck a deal, but they became close, and Tripp followed Goldberg's counsel on what to do about Lewinsky: she went to RadioShack and bought a tape recorder.

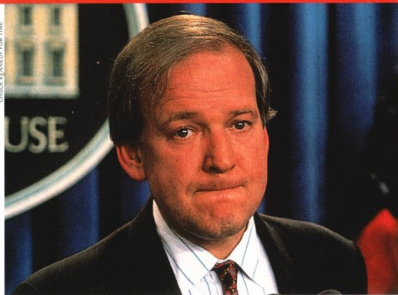
Tripp's conversations with Lewinsky—some taped, some just recalled—tell a steamy story of sex and power, pressure

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

friend Vernon Jordan, and he'd help her out. She met him in his Dupont Circle office, and she presented Jordan a list of public relations firms she'd like to work for. The next time they met he picked her up at the Pentagon to go meet a lawyer and draft her affidavit. "Take your anger and frustration with the President and vent them on me," he told her at the time, adding that that perjury in a civil case is rarely prosecuted. Jordan confirmed last week that he had indeed helped her find a lawyer and guided her toward several job possibilities in the private sector, at American Express or at Revlon, where he serves as a director.

In his statement explaining how one of the most powerful men in Washington came to be job hunting for a 24-year-old secretary, Jordan maintained that he helped Lewinsky because he himself stood "on the shoulders of many individuals who have helped me" and that "to whom much is given much is required." He also said that in their conversations Lewinsky had adamantly denied having an affair with the President, which begs the question of how that subject came up in the first place.

By last month the corridor conversations between Tripp and Lewinsky had gone from girl talk to a deadly serious question



about whether to lie under oath about the behavior of the President of the United States. Lewinsky apparently told Tripp she intended to deny the affair in her deposition and urged Tripp to do the same. Lewinsky warned Tripp that if she testified about the affair while Lewinsky and Clinton contin-

ued to stand fast, she would be isolated and vulnerable and her job would be in jeopardy. Excerpts of a small portion of the tapes, released by *Newsweek*, quote Lewinsky discussing whether to lie about her relationship with the President. "I would lie on the stand for my family," she says. "That is how I was

# WHEN SEX IS NOT REALLY HAVING SEX

By WALTER KIRN

**S**HOULD PRESIDENT CLINTON EVER FACE IMPEACHMENT proceedings over the Lewinsky mess, it's a fair bet that the meaning of oral arguments will never be the same. A joke?

Not at all. A legitimate possibility. For there is growing evidence to suggest that the issue of whether oral sex is actually sex, though it sounds like a question from a cheesy adult party game, may eventually form the basis of Clinton's legal defense.

The logic seems as tortured as a position from the *Kama Sutra*, but Clinton's potential argument (which was tested last week on TIME reporters by a high-level presidential confidant) comes down to two basic presidential passions, one still alleged, the other long proved. The alleged passion is for fellatio. According to a lawyer who has heard them, the Lewinsky tapes show that when it comes to intimacy, the infamously reckless Clinton is a play-it-safe puritan. Facetiously referring to herself as the future "special assistant to the President for b\_\_\_\_\_," Lewinsky reportedly told Linda Tripp that Clinton was strict about limiting their contact to oral sex. At his age, he allegedly informed her, "you can't take the risks of intercourse."

Clinton's second, proven, passion (warning: pun ahead) is for cunning linguistics. Time after time, he has eluded foes and crit-

ics by means of clever verbal games. When is smoking pot not smoking pot? Clinton had an answer for this paradox. And according to one of the Arkansas state troopers involved in the suddenly tame-seeming Troopergate scandal, Clinton can answer an even harder one: When is fooling around on your wife permissible under the Ten Commandments? He told me, the trooper recalled in the *American Spectator*, that he had researched the subject in the Bible and oral sex was not adultery.

What all this adds up to is a legal loophole narrower than the eye of a needle but considerably easier to pass through than a prison wall. To perjure oneself, according to the law, you have to make a statement that is contrary to what you believe to be true. So if Clinton believes that the sex he has denied having, and allegedly encouraged Lewinsky to deny having, isn't really sex at all but merely an advanced massage technique, then it's distinctly possible that he might be guilty of a bizarre religious quirk rather than a series of federal crimes.

Which brings us back to the venerable book the President may someday have to swear upon. What does the Bible that Clinton, an active Baptist, reportedly consulted to clear his conscience actually say about oral intimacy? Not surprisingly, nothing. Nothing specific. But if one reads

sex\*

\*It was o



raised...I have lied my entire life." She adds, "I will deny it so he will not get screwed in the case, but I'm going to get screwed personally." She also discusses Tripp faking a foot accident to delay the deposition, and quotes her mother as saying the idea is "brilliant."

In a sworn affidavit on Jan. 7, Lewinsky reportedly denied having a sexual relationship with Clinton. But Tripp meanwhile was pursuing a very different strategy. Lawyer Kirby Behre, retained by the White House to prepare her for congressional committees and grand jury investigations

**TIGHT-LIPPED** On TV, Clinton looked shaky and offered unconvincing, legalistic denials, leaving White House spokesman McCurry to suffer the media barrage

into Travelgate and Vince Foster's suicide, did not seem to Tripp terribly interested. So she decided it was time for a more aggressive defender. She brought her tapes to James Moody, a solo practitioner who specializes in fighting regulations, whom she had met during the Bush Administration. Moody had little faith in Janet Reno's Justice Department and agreed with Tripp that they should turn the tapes over to Starr.

For Starr, whose investigation had been going heaven only knows where for four years, Tripp was a gift from God. They met on Monday, Jan. 12, and Moody was stunned by the speed of Starr's response. The next day, Tripp was outfitted with a body wire so they could tape her meeting with Lewinsky at the Ritz-Carlton in Pentagon City. Once again Lewinsky discussed her plans to cover up the affair, and he hopes that Jordan will help her land a good job.

That Wednesday, Lewinsky drove

between the lines, the news is not good for the President. It's terrible. In *Genesis 38: 8-10*, God commands a man named Onan to marry his brother's widow. Reluctant to impregnate her, Onan commits coitus interruptus, spilling his seed on the ground. How does God deal with Onan's seminal wastefulness? "And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him also."

The New Testament, known for cutting sinners more breaks, is even harsher. Remember the Jimmy Carter *Playboy* interview in which he confessed to lusting in his heart, making himself perhaps the only President to confess to something he wasn't even suspected of? Well, Jimmy knew his Bible better than some folks do. Here's Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount: "But I say unto you that whosoever looks on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." This teaching appears to leave oral-sex recipients no moral wiggle room, though it's not airtight. The accused can always claim he kept his eyes closed.

Though it's nowhere in sacred Scripture, the oral-sex-isn't-really-sex distinction does have some secular modern precedents. According to *Black's Law Dictionary*, oral sex is not, technically, adultery (though in certain states it's sodomy, a felony). What's more, reports Debbie Then, a California social psychologist, it's common among professional American males to view oral sex as a kind of moral freebie. Sexual folklore backs up this attitude. In general, female prostitutes charge less for fel-

latio than for intercourse. And teenage girls who have given oral sex but haven't yet been vaginally penetrated tend to go on regarding themselves as virgins.

If the President should ever feel alone in his alleged, custom-made theology, it may comfort him to know that he need look no further than Capitol Hill for like-minded erotic apologists. Faced with compelling evidence that he dabbled in oral sex outside of marriage, Senator Charles Robb, a Virginia Democrat, opened his 1994 campaign with a Clintonesque, Jesuitical mouthful: "I haven't done anything I regard as unfaithful to my wife, and she's the only woman I've loved, slept with, or had coital relations with since marriage." Newt Gingrich too has been linked to this defense, though at second hand. A 1995 *Vanity Fair* profile quoted an alleged ex-flame as saying, "We had oral sex. He prefers that modus operandi because then he can say I never slept with her."

Such technicalities probably wouldn't sway a Heartland jury, but the Heartland is not where Clinton will be judged, should impeachment proceedings ever come. In an incredibly lucky constitutional break, the President's judge and jury will be the Senate—recently home to Bob Packwood, still home to Chuck Robb and Ted Kennedy. Clinton just might find justice there. At the least he'll have a jury of his peers. —With reporting by Jay Branagan, James Carney, J.F.O. McAllister/Washington and Victoria Rainert/New York

ly oral. It was passive. So that does not count.

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

Tripp home from the Pentagon and offered her a mysterious set of "talking points" about how to handle her deposition. It was clear Lewinsky hadn't written the document herself, but she didn't say who had given it to her. The document recommended that Tripp change her story about Willey, suggest that she could have smeared her own makeup and messed up her clothes. And it recommended that Tripp dismiss Lewinsky as a liar and a stalker of the President, in effect supporting Lewinsky's sworn statement that there was no affair.

But Starr now had evidence that would potentially support charges of perjury, suborning perjury and obstruction of justice. He approached the Justice Department and received formal permission to expand his inquiry. When *Newsweek* called to say it was preparing to run the first detailed account of the Lewinsky affair, Starr pressured the editors to hold off, to allow him time to enlist Lewinsky's aid in stinging Jordan and potentially the President as well. When Lewinsky met Tripp at the Ritz-Carlton again on Friday, she quickly found herself surrounded by FBI agents and prosecutors and directed upstairs to confront her predicament.

And so began the strangest and most pivotal chapter in the whole drama: the Getting to Know You duet between Ken Starr and Monica Lewinsky. In exchange for immunity, he wanted her to tell him all the details of the affair, and most important, to agree to wear a wire that would let him catch Jordan trying to keep her quiet. Otherwise, he had the tapes that would allow him to prosecute her for perjury. Faced with this choice, Lewinsky fell apart. She cried. She asked for her mother. "My life is ruined," she said.

It would take a while for her mother to reach Washington by train from New York City; Monica was frantic, and Starr's team had to calm her down. They bought her cookies. They watched Ethel Merman with her on TV. They took her shopping in the mall downstairs at Crate & Barrel. Lewinsky's father back in California had reached

## THE PEOPLE'S COURT

### Which do you believe?

Clinton had an extramarital affair with Monica Lewinsky

48%

Clinton did not have an affair with Lewinsky

31%

### Should Clinton be impeached if the evidence shows that:

Clinton had an affair with Lewinsky?

YES 35% NO 59%

Clinton lied under oath about having an affair?

YES 55% NO 38%

Clinton participated in an effort to obstruct justice by getting Lewinsky to lie under oath?

YES 63% NO 30%

### Are Clinton's moral standards higher, lower or about the same as those of the average married man?

Higher

3%

Lower

37%

About the same

54%

a longtime family friend, a medical malpractice lawyer named William Ginsburg, and Ginsburg reached Starr's team by phone around 10:30 that night. Ginsburg asked them to write down the terms of an immunity deal and fax it to him. We have no computer, they replied. Write it on hotel stationery, he suggested. They refused. Ginsburg offered to fly to Washington that night by charter if they would just put something in writing. No deal.

By the next evening, Ginsburg had arrived in Washington and gone to Starr's offices, where they told him the deal was off. And so the big squeeze tightened. Starr had been burned before, offering Clinton buddy Webb Hubbell a light sentence if he would sing about Whitewater, and getting little in return. This time around, Starr needs Lewinsky in order to make his case work, but knows that she alone is not enough. He needs some corroborating evidence of obstruction of justice to head off a he-said/she-

said battle, in which the Leader of the Free World would have the advantage. Starr was prepared to immunize Monica before the story broke; she would have had a chance to produce new evidence by secretly taping or gathering statements from others to support her obstruction story. But by the middle of last week, when the cover had been blown, she may have had nothing left to give but old trinkets and a stained dress.

So it became all the more vital to portray her as a vulnerable victim of an ugly power struggle. Ginsburg may not be a criminal lawyer, but he knows how to do p.r. The bearded, besweated, avuncular lawyer, looking every inch the indignant father figure, gave a string of carefully chosen television interviews. He directed his fire both at Starr and the President for "savaging" a "child." "My client ... is at the vortex of a storm involving three of the most powerful people in the United States: President Clinton, Vernon Jordan and Kenneth Starr."

## MONICA'S ODYSSEY

### May 1995

Monica Lewinsky graduates with a degree in psychology from Lewis and Clark College

### June 1995

Lewinsky joins the

White House staff as an unpaid intern in the office of chief of staff Leon Panetta

### November 1995

Lewinsky, wearing a fetching dress, meets Clinton at a Washington party

### December 1995

She is given a salaried position in the White House Office of Legislative Affairs. At around this time, she begins her alleged trysts with Clinton

### April 1996

Lewinsky leaves the White House to work in the Pentagon for spokesman Kenneth Bacon

### Autumn 1997

In phone calls with

her friend and Pentagon co-worker Linda Tripp, Lewinsky says she has had a sexual relationship with the President. Tripp secretly tape-records the conversations

### December 1997

Lewinsky leaves government service

### Jan. 7, 1998

In a sworn affidavit provided for the Paula Jones sexual-harassment suit against Clinton,



■ Is Clinton cooperating fully with the investigators, or is he trying to cover something up?

**Cooperating** 37% **Covering up** 51%

■ Is Kenneth Starr going too far in investigating Clinton's sexual behavior?

**Yes** 51% **No** 43%

■ Should Americans be informed about the private lives of Presidents, including any extramarital affairs, or should such information remain private?

**Yes, should be informed** 36% **No, remain private** 60%

■ Do you approve or disapprove of the way Clinton is handling his job as President?

**Approve, Jan. 14-15** 59% **Approve, Jan. 22** 52%

■ Do you have a favorable or an unfavorable impression of Clinton?

**Favorable, Jan. 14-15** 60% **Favorable, Jan. 22** 50%

From a telephone poll of 638 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Jan. 22 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ±3.5% "hot sure" omitted.

The "immunity dance" proceeded in fits and starts through the week—part flirtation, part bluff, part intimidation, which will need to end in an embrace for both sides to survive. It was clear by week's end that Lewinsky herself was now a target of a criminal investigation. Starr told the FBI he was going to need "additional resources" to do all the legwork. And he began issuing subpoenas that would send agents throughout the city with a vacuum cleaner.

By this time the historical echoes were so loud, it was time for a flashback: it came when FBI agents descended on the Watergate to search Lewinsky's apartment. They knew what they were looking for: her black and dark blue dresses; some T shirts Clinton allegedly gave her; a gold pin and trinkets from the Black Dog gift shop on Martha's Vineyard, where the First Family vacations; some hats; the volume of Whitman; a computer. Meanwhile, Starr subpoenaed the Pentagon and the White

House for phone, computer and personnel records on both Tripp and Lewinsky. He served Lewinsky with a subpoena to appear before a grand jury this Tuesday.

CERTAINLY NO AUDIENCE TO THE SPECTACLE was more entranced than the G.O.P. lawmakers on Capitol Hill, who shared the general belief that when your opponent is shooting himself in the foot, you don't get in the way. Early on, the Republican leadership spread the word to members not to comment or get involved in the scandal lest they lend credence to the idea that this is just another Republican attack. "We're trying to keep the fruitcakes under control," said one G.O.P. staff member. "For us it's better if this thing drags on for a while," the staff member joked. "At least we don't have to come up with an agenda."

Thus Newt Gingrich said he wanted to wait until all the facts were in; Trent Lott said that the allegations were "very serious" but that he'd been in Mississippi for two

days and wasn't sure about the details. The political calculation among Republicans could be that a wounded Clinton who serves out his term is better than an incumbent President Gore who has put all this ugliness behind him. It was a measure of the President's free fall that his own former chief of staff Leon Panetta told the San Jose *Mercury News* that if the allegations are true, it might be better "if Gore became President and you had a new message and a new individual up there. The worst scenario is if there's substance to it and it drags out." For their part, other leading Democrats were loudly silent.

In the midst of last week's public carnage, it's hard to imagine, but there were those who could see a strategy forming. Clinton will never resign, they insist; he will fight every inch to avoid becoming the second President in history to resign in disgrace, as opposed to one of several tarnished by sexual scandals that future historians might just decide to ignore. He will try to change the subject, with lots of purposeful activity, outlined in the State of the Union, a new balanced budget, a response to Saddam Hussein. Let people get used to some further degradation of the public discourse; spread the word, quietly, that Lewinsky was a flighty, gossip-mongering groupie. Above all, trust that if the affair ever wound up being tried before the Senate, that is the last body that would comfortably sit in judgment of a man who believes that a relationship based on oral sex is neither sexual nor a relationship.

That doesn't mean that there will be anything left of his presidency. Clinton's grandest ambitions for his have already, repeatedly fallen prey to his scandals; one reason the whole health-care initiative fell apart was that it was a bad idea, but the other was that lawmakers could just ignore him as long as he was in deep trouble over Whitewater. A leader without ideology, with no movement to lead or party to follow, has only his stature and powers of persuasion to move an agenda. And those are dwindling fast.

—Reported by Jay Branagan, Margaret Carlson, Michael Duffy, J.F.O. McAllister, Viveca Novak, Douglas Waller and Michael Weisskopf/Washington

Lewinsky denies that she ever had a sexual relationship with the President

■ **Jan. 12, 1998**  
Tripp tells independent counsel Kenneth Starr about the

tapes and turns over 20 hours' worth of phone conversations

■ **Jan. 13, 1998**  
Lewinsky spends several hours at a Virginia hotel talking with Tripp, who has

been wired by FBI agents working for Starr

■ **Jan. 16, 1998**  
Starr gets the go-ahead from a federal panel to look into allegations that Clinton and Vernon

Jordan had urged Lewinsky to lie under oath about her relationship with the President

■ **Jan. 17, 1998**  
In his deposition in the Jones lawsuit, Clinton denies any

affair with the former intern

■ **Jan. 20, 1998**  
Existence of tapes becomes public

■ **Jan. 21, 1998**  
In interviews, the President denies a

sexual relationship with Lewinsky

■ **Jan. 24, 1998**  
Lewinsky's lawyer says that "everything is on the table" in discussions over immunity

Robert Wright

# Politics Made Me Do It

There was a time, long before the age of John Kennedy and Bill Clinton, when world leaders didn't risk their careers surreptitiously pursuing sex. They pursued it openly and risklessly. The Roman biographer Suetonius had this to say about the Emperor Augustus: "His friends used to behave like Toranius, the slave dealer, in arranging his pleasures for him—they would strip grown girls of their clothes and inspect them as though they were for sale."

In ancient China, imperial gratification was a tidier affair. An Emperor in the Chou dynasty had 37 wives and 81 concubines. Harem administrators kept track of menstrual cycles, scheduling sex at each woman's peak fertility.

The anthropologist Laura Betzig, surveying these early civilizations, has rendered the Darwinian opinion that politics has often been "little more than reproductive competition"—men using power to better spread their genes. The Aztec King Nezahualpilli had more than 100 children, as did Ramses II of Egypt.

It is thus ironic that a leading brand of condom bears the Egyptian King's name, but there is an even larger condom-related puzzle. If Betzig is correct, then why, in this age of contraceptives, do politicians keep philandering? Where's the "reproductive competition" in a fruitless tryst?

The answer from evolutionary psychology is that men are still saddled with urges that evolved in our precontraceptive hunter-gatherer past. More sex with more females meant more offspring, so genes giving males a thirst for sex with a variety of partners (especially young, hence quite fertile, partners) flourished. So did genes inspiring men to pursue the social status that tends to attract partners. In a sense, then, the very purpose of the power that Presidents Clinton and Kennedy spent their life amassing was to expand their sex life. Can we really blame a guy for doing what's natural? There are two basic answers.

One is to say, while "natural" doesn't mean "good," it may mean "hard to resist." A male potentate's lust is not just stronger than most women can appreciate but also stronger than most men can appreciate. Few of us regularly encounter fawning, nubile women, laughing at our every joke, sighing at our every insight, curious about our every distinguishing characteristic. The temptation fostered by such adoration is "designed"—by natural selection—to be powerful.

And succumbing to it can be addictive. Such pleasurable neurotransmitters as dopamine, now implicated in drug dependency, weren't created by Mother Nature to boost cocaine sales, after all. Their natural function is to reinforce habits that helped

our ancestors survive and reproduce, such as eating and fornicating. Though few men share an alpha male's opportunities for sexual addiction, any smoker who has kicked the habit rather than die young, only to then fall off the wagon, knows the mighty logic that can make a presidency self-destruct.

Given the power of such biological forces, should we forgive the indiscretions of politicians? Maybe. But there is a quite different answer, also rooted in the human past.

The funny thing about most ancient civilizations is that they weren't very civilized. They carried the law of the jungle to new heights, using the machinery of the state to gratify the strong on an epic scale and keep the weak at bay. Inca nobility had "houses of virgins," each stocked with hundreds of women, but if a man of lesser lineage sought a piece of the action—seduced one of these women or a king's cloistered female kin—the man, his family and everyone in his village would be killed.

Indeed, Betzig has observed, in general, rulers with the most sexual perks have been the most brutal. Thus sexual license, though stereotypically linked with permissive liberals, has often been an enemy of the left, a tool of class oppression. The oppression needn't be violent. While the Aztec King Montezuma II is said to have possessed 4,000 women, and all noblemen got as many as they could afford, "an ordinary Indian," a Franciscan friar noted, "could scarcely find a woman when he wished to marry."

A cherished feature of modern times is the idea that the rich and powerful aren't special. Upper-class men aren't supposed to hoard women, treating them as chattel and sexually disfranchising poorer men. More generally, the rich face the same legal and moral strictures as everyone else. We've tried, at least, to take the alpha out of the alpha male (and alpha female).

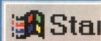
Obviously, we haven't succeeded. The rich and poor aren't truly equal before the law, for example. Still, we've come a long way. And if there is anyone whose job it is to symbolize our aspiration for further progress, to refrain from the naturally self-indulgent use of power, it's the President of the U.S. Especially, perhaps, a President who is liberal and thus holds that the privileged shouldn't exercise their various appetites untrammelled.

This may be too idealistic. But occasionally we do see a politician who offers hope that the millennium-old drift toward civilized behavior can continue. Who knows? Maybe posterity will see John Kennedy and Bill Clinton, the smooth-talking jet-setters, as relics of the ancient past and Jimmy Carter, the Bible-quoting peanut farmer who lusted only in his heart, as a man of the future. ■





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**SPECIAL REPORT** | Clinton's Crisis



# THE DAYS OF HER L

Soap-opera fan **MONICA LEWINSKY** is the new face of scandal. And she lives at t



By ROMESH RATNESAR

**W**HEN MONICA LEWINSKY worked in the White House, she had nicknames. One was Elvira, after TV's vampy Mistress of the Dark—a snickering reference to Lewinsky's long and big black hair, her fondness for tight, chest-hugging outfits and her coquettish demeanor. Another sobriquet was the Stalker, inspired by her steadfast rush toward the presidential helicopter whenever its whirr announced a landing. She was a child of Beverly Hills privilege—and the product of a bitterly broken home. She delighted in soap operas and glitter; yet she gravitated toward the political hotbed of Washington. She is now the face, the name for scandal, her image frozen in public first impression with that wide smile, in that less-than-flattering photograph. But as her lawyer said last week, she is also a young woman "devastated, concerned, upset and fearful" as she confronts some of the country's most powerful people, including the President of the U.S.

Monica Samille Lewinsky arrived in Washington in 1995 at the age of 21, fresh out of college, with no background in politics but with a prized Washington asset: connections. Her mother Marcia Lewis, an author and socialite, lives at the Watergate (not far from the Doles, Lewis liked to tell associates); more important, Monica's mother knew Walter Kaye, a retired New York City insurance magnate and generous contributor to the Democratic Party. Kaye recommended Monica for a summer internship at the White House, a job she probably would not otherwise have landed. Monica "was excited about it," says a close college friend. "She enjoys hobnobbing." Especially with the famous and powerful. It was a trait that ran in the family. Says an associate of Lewis: "[She] likes the glitterati and the big names, and if young

Monica got starry-eyed, it just kind of fits."

Lewinsky started out in the office of the President's then chief of staff, Leon Panetta. In carrying out the duties of internship, she was attentive verging on ingratiating. She reportedly had a habit of bringing coffee to staff members who had not asked for any. "She was more interested in schmoozing with staffers than with other interns," says a former intern who worked with Lewinsky in the fall of 1995. She was particularly taken with the President. Aides last week described her as starstruck. "She was drawn to the power of the White House and knowing the President," says the former intern. When Lewinsky took a staff position in the White House's Office of Legislative Affairs in December 1995, she couldn't hide her ambivalence.

"She was like, 'yeah, yeah'—she wasn't that excited," says the co-worker. "When she said that, it struck me as kind of odd, because most people would die for that position." The job would move her out of the busy Old Executive Office Building and into the comparatively quiet East Wing, and farther from Clinton.

According to her taped conversation with Linda Tripp, Lewinsky began her alleged trysts with the President around the time she began her new job. She would show up at official events in the Rose Garden where she had no role, according to White House sources. Staff members were seeking ways to get Lewinsky out of the White House. When Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon asked the White House personnel office for candidates to fill the job of his personal assistant, the White House sent over only Monica's name. Bacon interviewed four people and in April 1996 hired Lewinsky for the job, which pays \$30,658 a year. Bacon maintains he can recall no conversations about Lewinsky with J. Robert Nash, director of White House personnel. "There was no pressure to hire her whatsoever." And he dismissed Pentagon grumblings that Lewinsky lacked the experience for the posi-



**BEFORE THE SCANDAL** Photos of Lewinsky at various ages, from her Bel Air High School yearbook; at left, at a Washington party in 1996



## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

tion. "The job is demanding, and the trips are very difficult,"

Bacon says. "I felt it would be good to have a younger person in the job."

But her youth showed. Reporters attending Bacon's press conferences complained about Lewinsky's bumbling of clerical tasks, which included managing Bacon's schedule, preparing transcripts and answering phones. She was known for spending too much time on personal calls. A Pentagon acquaintance says Lewinsky rarely talked politics, chatting instead about her father and his health; she came off as flighty and flirty, "a rich Beverly Hills teen and all the insecurity that suggests." Other Pentagon officials said she was "an opportunist" and a "spoiled brat" who took advantage of her political connections. "She was an attractive girl," says a Pentagon source, "but a girl."

Buoyant and tirelessly talkative, Lewinsky freely discussed intimate details about her personal life. According to the *Washington Post*, Lewinsky told a Pentagon coworker that she had had a liaison with a high-ranking Defense Department official, and asked for advice because the official seemed to have lost interest. (When reached by the paper, the official declined to com-

ment.) Still, there was another mysterious, unidentified boyfriend whom reporters and Pentagon officials would jokily tease her over and for whom she often bought presents—including, during an official European trip, cigars. Various reports last week had her buying Clinton gifts and shuttling them to the White House. Her interest in him was clear if slightly muffled. She hung a photograph of herself with Clinton on her office wall—unexceptional homage by a civil servant for her ultimate boss. But there were also knowing asides and finally, extraordinary declarations. A midlevel official remembers standing outside Bacon's office with Lewinsky six months ago, watching as an image of Clinton flashed across the television screen. Her eyes on the TV, Lewinsky said, "I gave the President that tie." Then, in an untaped conversation with Tripp, Lewinsky allegedly held up a dress she claimed was stained with the President's semen and said, "I'll never wash it again."

MONICA LEWINSKY GREW UP IN A \$1.6 MILLION Beverly Hills home. Her parents owned three cars, including a Cadillac and a Mercedes, and spent freely on themselves (symphony season tickets, artwork and wine) and on Monica and her brother

Michael, including tennis lessons (\$720 a month), baby sitting (\$300 a month) and hairstyling for Monica (\$100 a month). Vacations frequently involved spending amounts in excess of \$20,000 a year. The monthly psychiatrist's bill was \$1,800.

Then in 1987, Marcia Lewis filed for divorce from her husband, Dr. Bernard Lewinsky, who headed a lucrative oncology practice. She accused Lewinsky of carrying on an affair and having "a violent temper" that induced profanity-strewn tirades against her and the children. Meanwhile, Dr. Lewinsky charged Lewis with running up his credit-card bills in anticipation of the divorce. The settlement downsized the family's life-style; Bernard Lewinsky, who paid \$6,000 a month in spousal and child support after the settlement, now lives in a one-story stucco house. It is worth \$700,000, but it lies in a modest section of Brentwood, a few blocks from Nicole Brown Simpson's house.

Following the split, Lewis became an occasional contributor of gossip to the *Hollywood Reporter* and in 1996 published *The Private Lives of the Three Tenors*, a quickie biography of Jose Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti gushing with tales of the singers' amorous adventures. Her



**AT THE CENTER OF POWER** Monica Lewinsky, circled, with President Clinton and other interns at the White House in 1995

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**mazda**

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

publisher, Steven Schragis of Birch Lane Press, says Lewis recommended that the book's publicity notes include this teaser: "How did the author, a glamorous Beverly Hills writer formerly with the *Hollywood Reporter*, get all the inside dope? She denies rumors she and Domingo were more than friends in the '80s, but read the book and see what you think." Last week the tenor said he knew Lewis "socially" but denied any liaison: "She came to several of my performances over the years. But that is all."

The Lewinskys' divorce came just as Monica entered Beverly Hills High School. Eden Sassoon, 24, and the daughter of celebrity hair stylist Vidal Sassoon, was a classmate who would often have Lewinsky over to her house. "She was not my best friend. She was sort of a hanger-on," says Sassoon. "She was very outgoing, sweet, charming. If you needed anything, she'd always help. Growing up in Beverly Hills, well, you know it's different, and perhaps being overweight, she'd overcompensate to please."

Lewinsky left Beverly Hills High abruptly during her junior year. At Bel Air High, a tiny

Clark College, where she majored in psychology and made the dean's list in her senior year. Those who knew her describe Monica as a big-hearted and reliable friend. Recalls Dick Morgan, a former neighbor: "She was a listener who was interested in people." But some also remember her as sharp-tongued and talking too much. She liked name dropping, telling friends she knew Tori Spelling and the Menendez brothers back in Beverly Hills High. (Spelling said last week that she did not know Lewinsky.) She once spotted a teacher and student together in a convertible and promptly dished the tidbit to her friends. Yet a close friend says she was "very tight with a number of professors."

pretty sensitive." Stephen Enghouse, a self-described classmate and friend, wondered aloud last week if she has been concocting the whole sordid saga involving the President, or at least dramatizing her role in it. He told ABC's *Nightline* that "She's kind of young and seeks attention ... I think it's probably likely that yes, she's making it up." Enghouse, though, has not spoken to Lewinsky in nearly three years.

IN WASHINGTON BY THE END OF LAST YEAR, Lewinsky was not having much fun with her Pentagon job. "She wasn't too thrilled with it," says a former co-worker. Bacon describes her as "competent" but says he urged her last year to begin looking for some other work.

Vernon Jordan, the lobbyist who is a close confidant of the President's, passed her name along to Revlon in New York City. She was hired for a public relations job, an offer rescinded last week when the scandal broke—and Lewinsky got a graduate degree in American politics.

Some fellow psychology majors from Lewis and Clark have banded together—anonously—to circulate a message of support: "Monica is the epitome of a true friend." A couple of Website fan

### Seniors Most Likely To...



## MONICA LEWINSKY — Most likely to have her name in lights.

\$12,000-a-year prep school designed for smart kids facing personal problems, a more self-assured Monica began to emerge. She got involved in drama, the choral group and art. Still dealing with a weight problem, she didn't have a boyfriend. But it was a more fulfilling time. In her senior year, Lewinsky made valedictorian in a class of seven. In the school yearbook Monica's senior year, a classmate calls Lewinsky her "guardian angel." Lewinsky's page included dedications to her parents, her brother and her friends and a paean to her favorite soap opera, *Days of Our Lives*. The page is also dotted with quotes from Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, William Wordsworth—and Dr. Seuss ("It's fun to have fun but you have to know how"). Her classmates voted her "most likely to have her name in lights."

In 1993, after spending two years at Santa Monica College, Lewinsky moved to Portland, Ore., and enrolled at Lewis and

**PAINFUL PROPHECY** Lewinsky, center foreground, with Bel Air High classmates

Her garrulousness was her most impressive trait. "She felt comfortable talking about just about anything to people," says a former classmate. "If something was on her mind, she'd just come up and start talking with you." But, says a close friend, she "just had a proclivity for indiscretion ... she was definitely a gossipmonger." According to the friend, she openly told several people while in college that she was having an affair with a married man. "He gave her the standard 'I'm going to get divorced and we can be together,' which is obviously a load of crap, and she ate it up," says the friend. "And she got hurt a number of times. She'd say, 'What the hell am I doing with this married guy?'" She talked to a Beverly Hills therapist "quite a bit" and cried often. "She's a pretty fragile person, just emotionally fragile," her friend says. "She was not a depressed person, but it's just that she was

clubs have also sprung up, but most of the Internet home pages that revolve around her name are sardonic depositories of tawdry humor. She faces countless depositions and grand-jury testimonies and the possible charge that she perjured herself in denying an affair with the President.

Last week, only a few words came directly from Lewinsky. They were spoken to a CBS News reporter who reached her by phone at an unlisted number at the Watergate. "I really can't comment," she said, sounding frazzled but polite, reluctant to displease. "I'm very sorry, but I shouldn't have said this much. I don't want to have to hang up on you." Surely it would have been easier to be just another name, just another face.

—Reported by Melissa August, Jay Branagan, John F. Dickerson, Chandrani Ghosh, Mark Thompson and Karen Tumulty/Washington, Cathy Booth and James Willwerth/Los Angeles, Patrick Cole/Portland and Andrea Sachs/New York

Michael Kinsley

# In Defense of Matt Drudge

"Last weekend, there were two extraordinary dramas playing out in Washington." So begins *Newsweek's* story about President Clinton and the 21-year-old intern. But there was a third extraordinary drama playing out: *Newsweek's* own agony about whether the story was firm enough to go with. The editors ultimately decided it wasn't and pulled it from last week's issue—only to post it on America Online midweek after Internet scoopmeister Matt Drudge had reported both the story and *Newsweek's* decision to spike it, and the tale had spread on the Web until it finally surfaced in Wednesday's *Washington Post* and *Los Angeles Times*.

*Newsweek* looks foolish. But was it really so foolish? Even in the pages of a rival, gloating is not called for. *TIME* was chasing the same story and never had it to throw away, so hats off to the competition. Furthermore, *Newsweek's* "mistake" was in being more cautious than Drudge about publishing extremely damaging allegations about the President of the U.S. Even if those allegations are true, was the caution misplaced?

The Internet made this story. And the story made the Internet. Clintongate, or whatever we are going to call it, is to the Internet what the Kennedy assassination was to TV news: its coming of age as a media force. Or some might say media farce. This story follows several similar episodes of stories pushed into the traditional media after being spread on the Internet—for example, the notion that TWA Flight 800 was shot down by the U.S. Navy—where the stories were nutty and baseless. The Clinton saga certainly is not baseless, although the comic seediness of it, in contrast to the high tragedy of 1963, can be seen as a telling comment on the new medium. After all, the Internet beat TV and print to this story, and ultimately forced it on them, for one simple reason: lower standards.

Let's not give Drudge too much credit. Though he thumbs his nose at traditional news outlets, they supply most of his information. His sources are inside the media, not (usually) inside the institutions they cover. His scoops—including this one—are generally stuff the grownups either have declined to publish or are about to publish. Having pilfered other folks' material, Drudge has the considerable gall to emblazon his own E-mail dispatches with the warning, **WORLD EXCLUSIVE. MUST CREDIT THE DRUDGE REPORT.**

There is a case to be made, however, for lower standards. In this case, the lower standards were vindicated. Almost no one now

denies there is a legitimate story here. Taped conversations and suspected subornation of perjury moved the story safely beyond furtive rumors of sexual dalliance. For Drudge, though, furtive rumors of dalliance are enough.

Even for traditional media journalists, furtive rumors of dalliance are enough—at least to gossip about among themselves, if not to share with their readers and viewers. There is something slightly elitist about the attitude that we journalists can be trusted to evaluate such rumors appropriately but that our readers and viewers cannot. Actually, though, almost everybody has the same standards—that is, almost none—in passing along juicy rumors to friends and colleagues.

The case for Drudge—who complacently says his reports are 80% accurate—is that there ought to be a middle ground between the highest standards and none at all. And the Internet, which can be sort of halfway between a private conversation and formal publication, is a good place for that middle ground. The middle ground, of course, should be acknowledged as such, either explicitly or by convention. People should understand that the information they get this way is middling quality—better than what their neighbor heard at the dry cleaner's but not as good as the *New York Times*. And Internet sites that aspire to the highest standards of traditional media (like *Slate*, where I work) should be held to them. But if Drudge claims only 80% accuracy and can make it over that lowered bar, why not?

Well, one reason why not is exactly what seemed to happen last week: journalistic entropy. Everyone sinks to the lowest standard going. It is impossible to maintain a fire wall between the *Washington Post* and Matt Drudge. But another way to look at last week is that the fire wall held for several days and that the story broke through the fire wall only when it became legitimate by any standards. In any event, these are early days still, and the exact relationship of the Internet with older media is still working itself out.

So maybe *Newsweek* was right to get it second and Drudge to get it first. Maybe both staked out their proper places in the media food chain. There will be plenty of times when caution will be rewarded and uncritical insta-printing will look foolish. Or maybe they were both wrong: *Newsweek* to spike a great scoop and Drudge to publish it. The former view is more appealing, and I'm 80% sure it's right. ■





## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

BY JOHN CLOUD

**W**HEN LINDA ROSE TRIPP turned 48 last Nov. 24, she could well have reflected on a life that had slowed somewhat. Her children were grown: her son Ryan had turned 22; her daughter Allison would be 19 in April. And her husband Bruce, well, he was gone, moved out several years ago following the divorce. The two-story colonial on Cricket Pass, in a tranquil planned community between Baltimore and Washington, should have started to feel a little quiet. After all, Tripp had traveled the world for years with Bruce, a lieutenant colonel in the Army. Fluent in German, she had arranged visits for Congressmen around Allied headquarters in Europe, and in the late 1980s she held a classified job with the Army's elite Delta Force. In a man's world, she had learned to play rough. "A hard lady," recalls an officer who knew her at Delta Force. "And not much of a lady, either."

# HOT OP

Knowledge—especially if it's on

Until the past few months, after she plunged into her role as a White House whistle blower, life wasn't at the right tempo for Tripp. In the '90s, she had mostly worked as a secretary and logistics aide, a planner and coordinator for the powerful men in the White House and the Pentagon. She belonged to a class not peculiar to Washington but well represented there—those proximate enough to power to see its realities but not vested with sufficient authority to effect change. It was frustrating. "She wanted to do things her own way," says a Pentagon official. Others saw her demanding nature as a virtue. "She always wanted things done right," says a Bush White House operative who knew her well. "She had very good instincts, was quite intelligent." The official adds, "She was a gifted writer."

Tripp's coming of middle age has not been particularly happy, though. "Her life was a struggle," says the Bush official. "She complained of a long commute, a nomadic existence as an Army wife, an ex-husband who was not a true love. She had a chip on her shoulder."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROCH

### REVELATIONS

The former White House staff member outside her Maryland home last week



Though the day-to-day rhythms of her life were hard and dull, Tripp has discovered in the past few years that in Washington, excitement and fame are traded in a currency more basic than power: knowledge. And Tripp has had a good taste of that, having held secretarial jobs all over the White House, including a stint in one of the most sensitive, secret-rich corners of the West Wing, the counsel's office. It is Scandal Central, the final stop for all legal matters. A busy place in the Clinton years.

Most career civil servants like Tripp, especially those trusted enough to work in the White House, are ferociously competent and unrelentingly discreet. They often stay for decades, and they keep their mouth shut. Tripp was different. She was seen as a schoolmarm, a bit obsessed with improprieties she saw around her. She once turned in an Army reservist for "petty wrongdoing," according to the *Washington Post*, and consequently got the man fired.

It's a wonder she stayed in the White

In 1995, when Congress was examining Foster's death, she testified that she had grown frustrated after the suicide. She felt she was being pushed out, and in fact she was; she was told to begin looking for another job. She had little to do but polish her résumé and send E-mail to the other secretaries. In one embarrassing message that became public, she called the White House lawyers who took days to find Foster's suicide note "the three stooges." Tripp got her picture in the *New York Times* but won the enmity of the Clintonites.

About a year later, former FBI man Gary Aldrich published his incendiary tale of shenanigans inside Clinton's White House. It was delicious reading for Tripp, who became angry when the White House tried to discredit Aldrich, whom she knew from the Bush years. It gave Tripp the idea for her own kiss-and-tell. *Behind Closed Doors*, it was to be called, and it was to cause an earthquake. She chose as her literary agent Lucianne Goldberg, known in the '90s for controversial clients like Mark

Fuhrman (of O.J. Simpson fame) and in the '70s for being a G.O.P. spy in George McGovern's campaign. Last week Goldberg proudly admitted to being a Clinton hater (see following story).

Already a gossip, Tripp was now doubtless more attuned than ever to tattles she could tell. And she had a juicy one. In 1993 she had bumped into Kathleen Willey just as the Virginia socialite was emerging, rather bedraggled, from the alleged Oval Office grope session. Tripp told that tale to *Newsweek* last summer (see related story). And of course Tripp made another friend—Monica Lewinsky, who worked in the same Pentagon office. The more Tripp heard during their chats, the more it sounded to her that America had no idea how far Clinton could go, even after the Willey article appeared. But who would believe yet another story of adultery?

Tripp consulted her friend Goldberg. Her advice was blunt: you've got to tape your talks with Lewinsky. "I couldn't do that," Tripp replied, according to Goldberg,

# OF THE WIRETAP

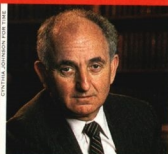
tape—can be powerful and scary in Washington. Just ask **LINDA TRIPP**

House so long. Though some Clintonites last week painted her as a Republican eavesdropper, Tripp was in fact nonpartisan, a registered independent. And criticism of her comes from both sides. A former associate White House counsel for Clinton says one of the office's biggest mistakes was not getting rid of Tripp sooner. "She's a complete wacko. She was imperial. You couldn't get any work out of her. She wasn't collegial," he says. Many remember her frequent gab-session cigarette breaks. Says a Bush White House official: "[Tripp] always wanted to know where the dirt was, some controversial things. We all put her on the A-void, don't tell her anything."

An odd quirk of history vaulted Tripp into the spotlight nonetheless. She was working in the counsel's office one hot summer day in 1993 when deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster asked her to get lunch. She fetched a burger and some M&M's from the cafeteria and became the last known person to see him alive. Later that day, he committed suicide.



**LINKAGES** Tripp, above, before Congress on the suicide of her boss Vince Foster, right; another boss was White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum, top right. When Clinton's lawyer attacked her veracity in the Willey case, Tripp took to taping



## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

If you don't, Goldberg said, "the White House will eat you alive." Tripp began the taping.

When her world exploded last week, Tripp needed more than a friend. She found a willing lawyer in James Moody, a specialist in, of all things, farm regulations. But he is no backwater attorney. In fact, his involvement may signal that Tripp has been building strong ties to the conservative community over the past few months. Moody came highly recommended by George Conway, a conservative lawyer who was instrumental in writing the brief that resulted in the 9-0 Supreme Court decision in favor of Paula Jones. Still, Conway denied last week that he ever met Tripp or Goldberg. He told

TIME he heard "through the grapevine" that Tripp needed an attorney and made the recommendation. He wouldn't say to whom.

Tripp already knew Moody from their Bush days (he involved himself in Vice President Dan Quayle's deregulation crusade). It was Moody who formally set up Tripp's initial meeting with Whitewater independent counsel Kenneth Starr's people on Jan. 12. Just a day later, she had a body recorder strapped to her thigh as she sipped coffee with Lewinsky at the Ritz-Carlton in Pentagon City, Va.

After the story broke last week, Tripp mostly kept hidden from view. She tele-commuted to the Pentagon from her home and, her face hidden behind glasses and a

mane of frosted bangs, emerged only to say she wouldn't say more. Those who know her say she is too smart to shoot her mouth off to the press.

In the days ahead, Tripp may ponder her own legal culpability. The New York Times reports that Starr granted her immunity, but some of her recordings—those made in Maryland, which requires both parties to consent to taping—may violate state laws beyond Starr's purview. Indeed, if she wanted the attention that comes with exposing a politician's faults, she may have got much more of it than she ever sought.

—With reporting by Michael Duffy, Viveca Novak, Elaine Shannon and Michael Weisskopf/Washington and Edward Barnes/New York

## LUCIANNE GOLDBERG: IN PURSUIT OF CLINTON

**B**EFORE LAST WEEK, Lucianne Goldberg may have been best known as the author of a 1992 novel about a trio of high-class prostitutes, *Madame Cleo's Girls*. Readers may have come across other novels of hers as well, but not under her name: she has been a ghost-writer for celebs, a behind-the-scenes player who doesn't usually take the credit.

But when Goldberg turned out to be the brains behind Linda Tripp's scheme to tape Monica Lewinsky, she didn't even try to hide. Instead she said she was coming forward to defend a friend. Tripp, she said, "is heartsick." Speaking on Saturday at a frenetic news conference outside her New York City apartment, Goldberg added, "If somebody takes a hit at Linda Tripp, they will hear from me." She also expressed sympathy for Lewinsky, but her words struck many listeners as insincere, since the tapings have caused Lewinsky so much anguish.

Born Lucianne Steinberger in 1935, Goldberg grew up outside Washington, where her father worked as a government physicist. She wrote a gossip column for the local paper and worked for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. (Of L.B.J., she told PEOPLE in 1992, "He used to twist your nipple in the elevator and think it was a sexy move.")

At some point her political allegiances changed—Goldberg's spying on behalf of the 1972 Nixon re-election effort has been widely reported—and she left politics for the more lucrative world of publishing. It was no less a shock tank: tell-all biographer Kitty Kelley, a former client, sued Goldberg in the early 1980s for fraud and other infractions in connection with



**AGENT OF DOOM** Goldberg was offered \$750,000 and then \$2 million by the *National Enquirer* for the tapes. She said no

Kelley's biography of Elizabeth Taylor. Although a judge overturned the fraud portion of the jury verdict against Goldberg, he awarded Kelley \$41,000 in damages and costs.

During the Clinton years, Goldberg has been involved in publishing efforts that, if fruitful, would mortify the President. Goldberg has reportedly represented Dolly Kyle Browning, yet another woman alleging a Clinton affair (she also debunked by critics). She one tried to get a book deal for the Arkansas state troopers who said they procured women for then Governor Clinton. Goldberg says she met Tripp in 1994 after

she found an author to write a book about the death of Vincent Foster, which conspiracy theorists have deemed homicide, not suicide. Goldberg might be one of them. She has played part of the Lewinsky tapes for a friend, who describes them as "sexually explicit." The friend says Goldberg told him that the release of the tapes is "payback for Vince Foster."

Goldberg may have been trying to get the Lewinsky tale into the tabloids as early as last fall. *Newsweek's* Michael Isikoff, who helped break the current scandal, visited her apartment frequently. She isn't squeamish about blasting Clinton openly. "What I'm glad about is he's getting caught," she told the *Washington Post*. "At something. If it took this to get him, fine." If all the President's men come after her the way they've attacked Tripp, she added, "I'd be on the lawn of the White House with a deer rifle." She's prepared to weather criticism of her motives. "I can take the hits," she told CNN. "I'm a rich old lady."

—By John Cloud.  
Reported by Edward Barnes and Richard Zoglin/New York



**INTRIGUED?** IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, IT'S GONE. THE 195HP V6 FOR POWERFUL PASSING. THE HIGH-PERFORMANCE SUSPENSION, FOR A SUPERB RIDE. THE TRANSMISSION THAT SHIFTS IMPERCEPTIBLY. THE RESPONSIVE, VARIABLE-EFFORT STEERING, FOR PRECISE HANDLING. ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE BURNING DESIRE TO DRIVE IT.

**INTRIGUE**  
A SOPHISTICATED TWIST ON A SPORTS SEDAN

## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis



**AN ENCOUNTER** Undated photo of Willey and Clinton; at the White House she was seen with lipstick smeared

the White House counsel's office, sitting next to Tripp. (Snipes a former lawyer with the office: "She did even less than Linda. She seemed to spend most of her time on the phone.") Later Willey served, by explicit presidential appointment, as the only non-expert member of U.S. delegations to Copenhagen and Jakarta, unsalaried but comfortably accommodated. Her son Patrick was accepted as a White House intern. Another intriguing point was a seeming gaffe by presidential attorney Robert Bennett. Having dubbed the alleged presidential grope "preposterous" and Tripp "not to be believed," Bennett suggested that Clinton might have been comforting Willey on her loss, which the media deemed unlikely in light of the assertion by Tripp and at least one other acquaintance that the job interview took place before Willey learned—a day after the suicide—of her husband's death. In early January, after resisting for months, the widow finally capitulated to the Jones

# SPARKING THE SCANDAL

The spotlight may have shifted, but **KATHLEEN WILLEY** is at the critical core of the current White House crisis

By **DAVID VAN BIEMA**

**W**ERE IT NOT FOR HER CHOICE in prospective employers, Kathleen Willey's story might have remained merely a small-bore American tragedy. For decades the vivacious, attractive former flight attendant enjoyed an enviable life. She was wed to an apparently successful real estate lawyer named Edward E. Willey Jr., the son of a powerful Virginia state legislator. The couple, who had two children, skied Vail, drove luxury cars and plied such Democratic social circles as befitted their connections and an occasional \$10,000 campaign contribution. For some years, however, arguments over money had frayed the marriage, and on Nov. 25, 1993, everything fell to pieces. Edward stood publicly accused of embezzling hundreds of thousands of dollars; Kathleen's name adorned some major promissory notes. They argued bitterly, and the next morning she traveled to Washington to interview for a job that might provide her with an independent income. In her absence, Edward put a bullet through his head.

What made Willey's (the name rhymes with Millie) case singular was that job interview. An acquaintance says Willey had long flirted harmlessly with Bill Clinton while she was a White House volunteer worker. But last August, Linda Tripp, then an executive assistant in the White House counsel's office, told *Newsweek* that on that Nov. 29, things went further. Tripp recalled that she had encountered Willey wandering the West Wing "disheveled. Her face was red, and her lipstick was off. She was flustered, happy and joyful." Willey then allegedly told Tripp that Clinton had taken her to an office hideaway, kissed and fondled her. The story was consistent with a tale told to Paula Jones' lawyer Joseph Cammarata by an anonymous caller claiming to be the object of Clinton's attentions. The caller may not have been Willey—in fact, sources close to Willey believe it was Tripp—but Cammarata eventually tracked the Virginia socialite down and subpoenaed her.

The episode caused a splash, in part because Clinton did help Willey, if modestly: for 10 months she worked as a secretary in

camp's subpoena and (as reported by the *Washington Post*) testified under oath that Clinton had kissed and groped her, saying, "I've always wanted to do that." According to ABC News, she described Clinton's attentions as unwanted, although a Willey acquaintance, agreeing with Tripp, has told *TIME* that whatever happened in the West Wing that day, it wasn't "unwelcome."

Willey still lives outside Richmond, Va., and has refused any comment to the press. Mild public interest in her case was easily overwhelmed last week by the uproar over Monica Lewinsky. But the first story has become an integral part of the second. Among the directives in the mysterious written "talking points" that Tripp says Lewinsky passed along to her is one that proposes, "You now find it completely plausible that [Willey] herself smeared her lipstick, untucked her blouse, etc." If Kenneth Starr is able to determine that this stage direction was an inducement to perjury on the President's behalf, Clinton too could come to recall November 1993 with a shudder.

—Reported by Viveca Novak/  
Washington





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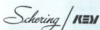
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\*These findings were based on a sales comparison of loratadine (US dollars) with other leading antihistamines, PMS International Prescription Audit (September 1994 to December 1997).

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*"Nothing  
but blue skies  
from now on"*

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# CLARITIN® brand of loratadine TABLETS, SYRUP, and RAPIDLY-DISINTEGRATING TABLETS

## BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

**INDICATIONS AND USAGE:** CLARITIN is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

**CONTRAINDICATIONS:** CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

**PRECAUTIONS: General:** Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Special Populations.)

**Drug Interactions:** Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been coadministered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketocazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or descarbotoxylopratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT, intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketocazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

	Loratadine	Descarbotoxylopratadine (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+40%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+30%	+38%
Ketocazole (200 mg Q12h)	+37%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

**Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility:** In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.5 (loratadine) and 67 (descarbotoxylopratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (descarbotoxylopratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls, and rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known. In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenesis assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m<sup>2</sup> basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m<sup>2</sup> basis).

**Pregnancy Category B:** There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m<sup>2</sup> basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

**Nursing Mothers:** Loratadine and its metabolite, descarbotoxylopratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations approximately equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC<sub>0-12</sub>:plasma ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for loratadine and descarbotoxylopratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and descarbotoxylopratadine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

**Pediatric Use:** The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 180 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that in adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects and on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

**ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets:** Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day over 2 weeks to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

### PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	PLACEBO 1 mg BID n = 2545	CLEMASTINE 1 mg BID n = 536	TERFENADINE 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	5	8	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

**CLARITIN REDIBARS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets):** Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDIBARS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDIBARS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

**CLARITIN Syrup:** Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, 188 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF ≥ 2% IN LOTATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS 6-12 YEARS OLD IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	PLACEBO n = 262	CHLORPHENIRAMINE 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	2	2	2
Headache	2	5	5
Fatigue	3	2	5
Hyperkinesia	3	0	0
Abdominal Pain	2	0	1
Constipation	2	<1	1
Dysphonia	2	<1	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above (≥ 2%), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

**Autonomic Nervous System:** Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hyposthesia, impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

**Body As A Whole:** Angioneurotic edema, asthma, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain, earache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigors, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

**Cardiovascular System:** Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tachyarrhythmias, syncope, tachycardia.

**Central and Peripheral Nervous System:** Bephrasopasm, dizziness, dysphonia, hypertension, migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

**Gastrointestinal System:** Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

**Musculoskeletal System:** Arthralgia, myalgia.

**Psychiatric:** Agitation, amnesia, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired concentration, insomnia, irritability, parosmia.

**Reproductive System:** Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

**Respiratory System:** Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

**Skin and Appendages:** Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpura, rash, urticaria.

**Urinary System:** Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; anisocoria; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

**OVERDOSAGE:** In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extrapyramidal signs and palpitations have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdosage, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (pecic syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m<sup>2</sup> basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m<sup>2</sup> basis.

*Schering*

Schering Corporation  
Kenilworth, NJ 07033 USA

Margaret Carlson

# Ken Starr, Gumshoe

**Last week America** learned there was probable cause to believe the President betrayed his wife, his daughter and his country. Whether or not it is finally proved that he had an affair with a 21-year-old intern and then tried to cover it up, he behaved irresponsibly enough to enable prosecutors to expand what started out as an investigation of an Arkansas land deal into a fishing expedition for intimate details of his daily—and nightly—life.

What gives this the overtone of Greek tragedy is how utterly avoidable it was, if the President had exercised the slightest bit of restraint. Already given a lot of slack by voters who believed he was an adulterer but elected him anyway, the President had only to comply with the minimal standard of presidential marital conduct: Don't have sex in the White House with a woman not your wife (no one thought to add "intern"). In these sexually perilous times, we all know lawyers and businessmen who won't meet in a hotel room with a colleague of the opposite sex. But Clinton, fighting accusations that while Governor he exposed himself to a female state employee, is now accused of behavior so reckless, so arrogant, so tawdry that if the charges turn out to be true, he should be ashamed to show his face, much less brag that he is going about "business as usual." None of the rest of us can. We feel his shame.

Thanks to Clinton we have two other problems: having to explain to the kids over Cheerios not the significance of a visit to Cuba by the most famous celibate in the world but just why it is that a perky anchorperson is talking about something called oral sex. The second, perhaps more lasting problem is the legal precedent set by this ballooning investigation. Until last week, the criticism of independent counsel Kenneth Starr went largely to his unchecked power. Former Republican independent counsel Joseph diGenova calls the whole setup "a constitutional monstrosity." Now we watch as a prosecutor gunning for a President uses tactics to dig up dirt that would make *NYPD Blue's* Detective Sipowicz blanch. Starr not only pulled a sting on a former White House intern but reportedly planned to wire her to run one on the President himself, as if he were John Gotti.

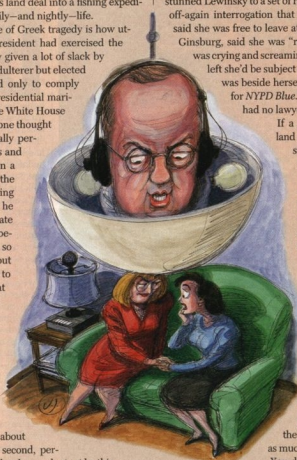
Consider Starr's response when Monica Lewinsky's "friend,"

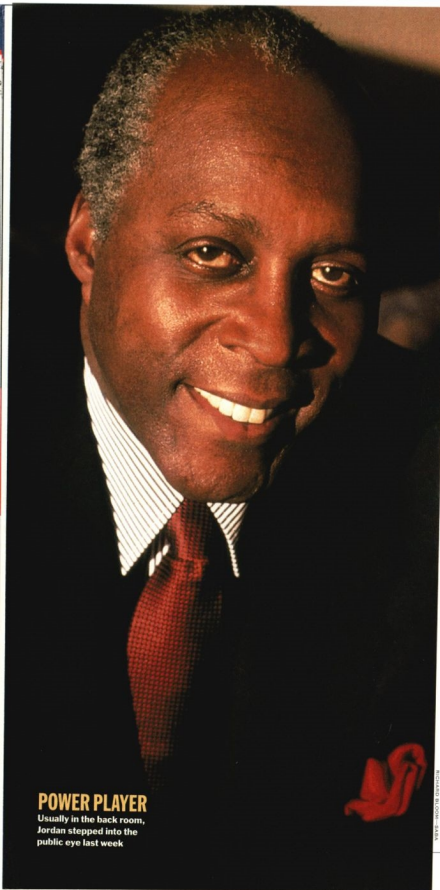
Linda Tripp, brought him 20 hours of surreptitiously recorded conversations. He wired Tripp, listened in and then three days later instructed her to lure Lewinsky once again to a Virginia hotel for lunch. Instead of a sandwich with Tripp, Lewinsky, now 24, got a raft of agents swooping down on her. At 1 p.m. they took the stunned Lewinsky to a set of rooms and commenced an on-again, off-again interrogation that would last 10 hours. Starr's office said she was free to leave at any time, but her lawyer, William Ginsburg, said she was "restrained by mental coercion. She was crying and screaming and yelling... They told her if she left she'd be subject to immediate prosecution. This kid was beside herself." He described it as "a treatment for *NYPD Blue*." Throughout this ordeal, Lewinsky had no lawyer present.

If a prosecutor appointed to unravel a land deal (remember Whitewater?) bootstraps himself into a civil suit and thereby compels testimony about the most intimate matters, we will soon have a government that can get to anyone. Everyone has something embarrassing to hide. When we aren't all dealing with a President we're ready to string up, this unfettered intrusion may be what haunts us most. What a Hobbesian choice: lie and face prison or tell the truth and face public humiliation. The perjury follows, even though the act—reprehensible though it might be—did not flow from official duty. No one should lie, but Big Brother shouldn't ask. This all comes by way of a prosecutor who before he took the appointment was ready to file an amicus brief supporting Paula Jones. Now he's her amicus, all right; the course of her case is in Starr's hands as much as anyone else's.

You don't have to have a moment's sympathy for the President to know that this convergence of Jones, Starr and the FBI is not right. No one is worried much about civil liberties when Sipowicz is browbeating the bad guy on *NYPD Blue*. But the latest Washington drama is for real. As Starr disgraces the Judicial Branch and Clinton the Executive one, things once lost—like respect for privacy, the presidency and proportion—cannot be retrieved. Next up: perhaps the Legislative Branch, to stage a trial blending the worst of *Watergate* and *Melrose Place*, a show so repulsive it might even shame Ken Starr.

—With reporting by Viveca Novak/Washington





## POWER PLAYER

Usually in the back room, Jordan stepped into the public eye last week

# The M

## Power broker Vernon Jo

By ERIC POOLEY

**B**ENEATH THE PRACTICED politesse of his delivery, Vernon Jordan's eyes were blazing. His sonorous voice was edged with contempt for the very idea that a roomful of reporters could question his honor. Standing under the hot lights last Thursday, Bill Clinton's close friend and unofficial adviser made it clear that this media circus meant little to him. "Never apologize, never explain"—that had been his motto for 17 years, ever since he left the presidency of the National Urban League after a racist gunman nearly took his life, going on to become Washington's most powerful back-room fixer. Now he had to violate that principle and offer a partial explanation of his role in the tawdry matter of Monica Lewinsky. "After I shall have read my statement," he said, wrapping himself in a protective layer of syntax, "I will not take questions. I'm going to leave and go back to work."

But this was the essence of Jordan's work—doing what he could to help a powerful friend. Only this time, Jordan was forced to do it in public, which broke the cardinal rule of the big-time Washington operator. Jordan, like other dealmakers before him—Clark Clifford, Edward Bennett Williams, Jordan's partner Robert Strauss—is a larger-than-life figure. But unlike them, he chooses to be virtually invisible—a self-protective mechanism he put into place after he was shot. He makes few speeches, shuns TV, grants almost no interviews and never, ever discusses his friendship with Clinton—with anyone. That discretion magnifies his value because Jordan appears at Clinton's side at the direst of times. He was with Governor Clinton in 1980 after the young pol's bitter electoral defeat. He was with President Clinton on the night of Vincent Foster's suicide, the day of Commerce Secretary Ron Brown's fatal plane crash, and the night consultant Dick Morris was thrown overboard at the 1996 Democratic National Convention because of a sex scandal. He knows how to clean up a mess. "The last thing he'd ever do is betray a friend-

# Master Fixer in a Fix

Clinton loves to come to Clinton's rescue. Now he may need help himself

ship," Clinton once told the *New York Times*. "It's good to have a friend like that."

Jordan wields enormous influence over Clinton, yet sees no conflict when one of the 11 blue-chip corporations of which he is a director ends up profiting from a decision he helped the President make. He oversees a staff of close to 100 registered lobbyists but provides little or no public disclosure of his own influence-peddling activities. He earns \$1 million a year from a law practice that requires him to file no brief and visit no courtroom, because his billable hours tend to be logged in posh restaurants, on cellular telephones, in the tufted-leather backseats of limousines—making a deft introduction here, nudging a legislative position there, ironing out an indelicate situation before it makes the papers.

But the Lewinsky problem—which Jordan, according to Lewinsky confidant Linda Tripp, tried to solve by counseling Lewinsky in the back of his limo—made the papers anyway, forcing the fixer into the spotlight. Jordan reportedly told Tripp that Jordan said to her, "They can't prove anything ... Your answer is, 'It didn't happen, it wasn't me.'" If that turns out to be true, Jordan could be on the hook for suborning perjury and obstruction of justice. And if Lewinsky cooperates with independent counsel Kenneth Starr in exchange for immunity, Starr would presumably try to work his way up the ladder to Jordan—and Clinton could find out once and for all what his friend is made of.

"I want to say to you absolutely and unequivocally that Ms. Lewinsky told me in no uncertain terms that she did not have a sexual relationship with the President," Jordan said last week, without explaining how the subject had come up. "At no time did I ever say, suggest or intimate to her that she should lie." He admitted introducing

her to a lawyer after Paula Jones slapped her with a subpoena, and said he had been "privileged to assist" Lewinsky with her "vocational aspirations," securing job interviews for her at American Express and Revlon. He did this not because he wanted to buy her silence but because he believes "in giving a helping hand ... [to] young and old, male and female, black and white, Hispanic and Asian, rich and poor."

Jordan, 62, is indeed known for helping others, opening doors and making introductions for hundreds of acquaintances over the years. But what moved him to pull so many strings for this former White House intern, an obscure woman whom others have characterized as unremarkable? Her

"drive, ambition and personality," Jordan told the reporters, "were impressive."

If Jordan's performance seemed staid and even sanctimonious, it may have been because "drive, ambition and personality" are not the only attributes he and Clinton are known to find impressive in young women. "Large men of large appetites" is one of the euphemisms that have been used when broaching the subject of their legendary womanizing. Jordan's reputation as a ladies' man dates back to the 1970s, when the civil rights leader was traveling constantly and his first wife Shirley, who died in 1985, was restricted to a wheelchair by multiple sclerosis. Jordan, who remarried in 1986,

does not discuss his reputation except in the most oblique terms: "I like people. I've always liked people. I like all kinds of people. And I'm not going to stop liking people."

His second wife Ann has shown good humor on the subject. "I'm sure women find him attractive," she told the *Washington Post* in 1992. "I do."

Clinton and Jordan have plenty in common. They are both sons of the South, civil rights advocates, products of the 1960s who steered to the center on their path to power, world-class storytellers who like to think of themselves as capacious spirits in the crabbed and pinched Washington scene. Their banter is sexually charged. At a White House dinner in 1995, to cite an example, Clinton found himself sitting next to a statuesque blond and at one point, according to an account in *Washington Monthly*, turned to Jordan and jokingly told him to keep his "hands off" the woman, because "I saw her first, Vernon." A Washington insider who has played golf with Clinton and Jordan on several occasions told *TIME* that on the links and in the locker

## BATTLEFIELD

Escorting Charlayne Hunter, one of the University of Georgia's first black students, past a mob in 1961; being rushed to the hospital after he was felled by a racist gunman in Indiana in 1980



NEW YORK: DAVID NARA; BELLOW: ATLANTA CONSTITUTION



## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

room, "all they talk about is 'p\_\_\_\_.'" Jordan has basically admitted as much. "We talk like men," he told a reporter in 1996. "There's nothing wrong with a little locker-room talk."

Both were raised in lower-middle-class circumstances by strong mothers who foresaw great things for their sons. Jordan was born in Atlanta in 1935; his father was a postal worker, his mother a caterer to upper-class whites. Tending bar at their parties, Jordan saw the kind of life he wanted to lead, a kind of life then denied to blacks. His aspirations led him into the civil rights movement. After earning a bachelor's degree at DePauw University and a law degree from Howard, he came to prominence in 1961 when a howling white mob tried to prevent a young woman named Charlayne Hunter from becoming one of the first blacks to enter the University of Georgia.

Jordan, a law clerk of 25, used his 6-ft. 4-in. body as a battering ram, clearing a path through the mob.

Such flash-point confrontations would be a rarity for Jordan. He was a lawyer, not a preacher or street activist, and after a risky period spent registering black voters across the South, he came to eschew marches and sit-ins in favor of working inside the system and raising money from white-owned corporations. In 1970 he became executive director of the United Negro College Fund; a year later, he was running the moderate, pro-business National Urban League. He got to know everyone who mattered in corporate America—white, black, whatever—and in politics as well. He played tennis regularly with John Ehrlichman, the Nixon aide, and the Urban League's federal contracts soared. Before the '70s had ended, he was enjoying a chauffeured Mercury, a Fifth Avenue apartment, an annual getaway to Martha's Vineyard, seats on four corporate boards and a reputation among some blacks as a "sellout." He didn't see it that way. "Black power will remain just a shout and a cry, unless it is channeled into constructive efforts to... influence the established institutions of American politics," he said.

Even a moderate like Jordan was a target. In 1980 a white supremacist took aim with a .30-06 rifle and shot him in the back



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

to remake his life. Eighteen months later, he left the Urban League; friends from those days believe he decided not to die for the cause. In January 1982 he accepted an offer from Robert Strauss, the silky, down-home Democratic kingmaker, to join Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld, a firm with one of the biggest practices in Washington.

As rainmaker and fixer, Jordan soon equaled Strauss himself. But unlike Strauss, he didn't advertise it. "Jordan has been a stealth presence in Washington," says Charles Lewis, executive director of the Center for Public Integrity. "He's a super-lawyer who is rarely seen or heard, but who hobnobs with the high and mighty and receives large sums for doing so. Little is known of how much he traffics on his relationship with Bill Clinton. He is close to the most powerful people and does not need or want publicity."

Jordan has said that as early as 1980, he was convinced that Clinton would one day be President. In 1991, when Clinton was thinking seriously about a run for the White House, Jordan invited him to be his guest at the Bilderberg conference in Germany, an annual meeting of the international business and political elite. Jordan has called it Clinton's "coming-out party."

The next year, after Clinton won the presidency, he tapped Jordan to be co-chairman of his transition team. It was the first time most observers realized that Clinton, who had run as a Washington outsider, was so close to this consummate insider. There was talk that Jordan

could have any Cabinet post he wanted, but in the end he wanted no post at all. Jordan saw no reason to submit himself to financial disclosures or give up the clout and freedom of private practice. He knew he could speak to Clinton whenever he chose, on any topic he chose. After all, the two men saw each other frequently for golf. The Clintons spent Christmas Eve with the Jordans and regularly visited them on the Vineyard in the summer. Says Jordan's friend Richard Moe, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation: "Public life can be a pretty high-risk proposition." But as Jordan is finding out, the private life of a fixer carries risks too. He could go before Starr's grand jury in Little Rock as early as this week.

—With reporting by Jack E. White and Adam Zagorin/Washington



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

**LUSH LIFE** Schmoozing with actress Daryl Hannah at a New York City premiere party for *The Gingerbread Man*, in January; celebrating a special shot with the President during a Wyoming vacation in 1995

in a motel parking lot in Fort Wayne, Ind. The crime was committed at 2 a.m. as Jordan, who had delivered a speech on race relations earlier that night, was arriving back at his motel with a blond divorcee who had been entertaining him at her home. It was explained that Jordan and the woman had been up late discussing racial issues.

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Bruce Handy

## Oh, Behave!

Is it just coincidence that the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings in the fall of 1991 roughly coincided with Bill Clinton's emergence on the national scene? In the years since Long Dong Silver became a household name—not to mention Paula Jones and Dick Morris—one thing has become clear: the word nadir no longer has any meaning in public life. Perhaps this is why, according to the latest TIME/CNN poll, 60% of Americans are "disappointed" by the latest allegations against the President and 55% are "disgusted," but only 26% claim to be "surprised."

In late-night comedy monologues—which serve as a kind of trip wire for public sentiment—Clinton's philandering has never been in doubt. He has long been an easy joke, a shorthand figure of fun right up there with staples like Michael Jackson and Pamela and Tommy Lee. Indeed, last Wednesday night as the Monica Lewinsky scandal was first breaking, Jay Leno scored a twofor on the *Tonight Show* with a lame joke about the Lees' wanting to see Clinton's home videos (he did a lot better with his line that Clinton's may be the second presidency to be brought down by Deep Throat).

Up until now, polls have shown that a majority of the American people aren't unduly put off by Clinton's presumed fooling around (especially if it happened back in Arkansas). For one thing, in an era in which no one besides felons and welfare mothers is held responsible for his or her actions, compulsive womanizing has inevitably been redefined as sexaholism: the old kind of touchy feely meeting the new kind of touchy feely, which certainly sounds like President Clinton. One imagines that his totemic aura may even have helped him in those precincts of the electorate that had come to see the Democrats as the no-fun, take-your-medicine, be-nice-to-everyone party—i.e., the girly-man party—after the Carter, Mondale and Dukakis debacles. Of all Clinton's straddles, maybe this was his greatest: to be seen as both family man and rogue, feminist sympathizer and Kennedyesque swordsman, the New Democrat and the Old. It surely must have allayed fears that he was going to let Hillary run *everything*. As Grover Cleveland, the old goat, is reported to have said when confronted with a sex scandal of his own, "I don't believe the American people want a gelding in the White House."

It's often claimed that a nation gets the leaders it deserves. The TIME/CNN poll shows that 54% of Americans think the President's moral standards are "about the same as the average married man's." While it's hard to tell whether this is good news for the President or bad news for average married men, the real danger for Clinton is that what had once been mostly confined to the back of the national classroom is now up at the chalkboard giving

lessons. The problem for the President isn't that Leno, Bill Maher and Conan O'Brien are talking about his sex life night after night (luckless David Letterman was in reruns last week), it's that Ted Koppel, Sam Donaldson and Cokie Roberts are. The disquieting effect is not unlike having to hear how your dad is in bed. From your mom. Comics at least have an advantage over newscasters in that they don't have to try to maintain a straight face while discussing fellatio and semen stains on national television.

Yes, it was one of those weeks where the news played like bad, improbable satire (except at the core of the whole White House mess, where the novelistic verisimilitude of Lewinsky's taped conversations, their palpable high-school ickiness, lent her charges an immediate measure of credence; Clinton had better pray "the big creep" doesn't become his best-remembered epithet). In one bad satire-like coincidence, Hollywood has a not-so-bad satire in current release: *Wag the Dog*, in which a President is accused of ravishing a "Firefly Girl." The producers were reported to be cautiously optimistic that the White House crisis would help out at the box office.

More concerned were the makers of the film version of *Primary Colors*, due in March and starring John Travolta as a thinly disguised Clinton. "Even though the character's a philanderer," says a person who has seen portions of the unfinished movie, "he's portrayed as charismatic and good-hearted. You could even say noble." It sounds like an engagingly complex characterization, the kind of thing we need more of in movies. But director Mike Nichols must be wondering whether two months from now, after an onslaught of news reports, press conferences and (Why not shoot for the moon?) impeachment hearings, the public will have any interest in leaving the house and paying money to see a make-believe skirt-chasing President, let alone a putatively noble one.



ART BY JEFFREY L. WATSON

# The Burden Of Proof

Ken Starr may be able to get the goods on Clinton and Lewinsky, but it won't be easy

By ADAM COHEN

**A**DULTERY IS STILL ILLEGAL in the District of Columbia. Have sexual relations with a woman not your wife, the lawbooks say, and you're looking at 180 days in jail and a \$500 fine. And until 1995, sodomy, including oral sex, was illegal in D.C. But whatever kind of sex President Clinton did or did not have with Monica Lewinsky, his legal problems don't lie with the morals section of D.C. local law. It's a cluster of federal statutes, lumped under the rubric "obstruction of justice," that could spell trouble. As a former law professor, Clinton would have no problem parsing their legalistic references to "knowingly" doing this and "corruptly" doing that. But in truth they all boil down to a principle so basic in post-Watergate Washington it might as well be printed on the license plates: It's not the crime, it's the cover-up.

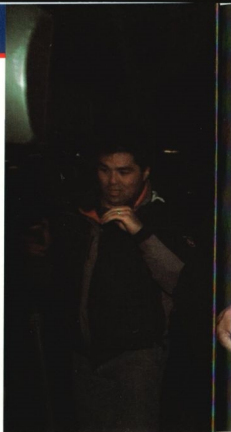
If the charges against Clinton are true, he could be in the worst legal spot a President has been in since Nixon was forced from office. Evidence seeping out in the media could support charges of perjury, suborning perjury and conspiracy to sub-

orn perjury, all serious crimes. They could also, as some Republican Congressmen have begun to declare, rise to the level of the "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" the Constitution requires for impeachment. Other players in this drama may also be in legal trouble, including Clinton adviser Vernon Jordan, Lewinsky herself and even White House turncoat Linda Tripp. But obstruction-of-justice cases are notoriously hard to prove, and it isn't clear prosecutors would have the evidence they need. It is also uncertain whether the Constitution even permits criminal charges to be brought against a sitting President. Impeachment is a possibility, but it is a drastic step and would not be invoked lightly.

The simplest charge to emerge against Clinton is that he perjured himself at his deposition in Paula Jones' civil suit when he reportedly denied having an affair with Lewinsky. But this turns out not to be a simple charge at all. "It's like Nixon used to say: Perjury is a tough rap to prove," says Duke law professor Sara Sun Beale. Much would depend on the precise words Clinton used in his deposition, and he has proved adept at phrasing answers with lawyerly attention to detail. The statement, "There is no sexual relationship," for ex-

ample, could let him off the hook if there was an affair in the past that is now over, or if he succeeded with a claim that oral sex did not constitute a "sexual relationship."

Lewinsky has reportedly denied the affair in a sworn affidavit given to Starr, which he is now using as a lever. If he is able to "flip" her by threatening to bring criminal charges against her, it would set up a "he said, she said" standoff, with an uncertain outcome. But if she sticks to her denial—and says any claims of an affair on Tripp's tapes were just talk—Starr might have a difficult time. Of course, any tapes of Clinton leaving a message on Lewinsky's answering machine, if they exist, might help Starr. He could also try to prove the affair through circumstantial evidence like White House visitor logs, gifts and—perhaps more scientifically—a dress that reportedly has a semen stain from Clinton,



## PERJURY

Lying under oath in a court of law, an affidavit, a deposition or any other official proceeding

**FOR EXAMPLE** If Clinton lied during his deposition in the Paula Jones sexual-harassment case about his alleged sexual relationship with Lewinsky

## SUBORNING PERJURY

Encouraging a witness to lie under oath in a court of law, an affidavit, a deposition or any other official proceeding

**FOR EXAMPLE** If Clinton asked Monica Lewinsky to lie about their relationship in her sworn affidavit in the Paula Jones case

## OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE

Impeding law enforcement, courts and others officially charged with the administration of justice

**FOR EXAMPLE** If Clinton intimidated Lewinsky into lying or withholding testimony





AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

**TOP COUNSEL** The President's personal lawyer, Bob Bennett, left; and William Ginsburg, above, Lewinsky's attorney

which could be subjected to DNA testing. But what might seem to be the strongest evidence, Tripp's tapes of Lewinsky, would very probably be inadmissible as hearsay in a case against Clinton.

Clinton, Jordan and Lewinsky could all be charged with suborning perjury—encouraging a witness to lie under oath—and obstruction of justice. Lewinsky has reportedly said on tape that Clinton and Jordan tried to get her to lie about the alleged affair. Both men have denied it. Here too, much depends on whether Lewinsky testifies against them. Starr might have trouble getting a conviction for suborning perjury if all the principals agree it didn't happen. And again, much would turn on context and precise words. If the two men just gave her general advice to be discreet—not advising her about what to say in a deposition—it would be perfectly legal. Even if they were refer-

ring to the deposition, it would depend on how specific the advice to misrepresent the truth was. "It's not suborning perjury to say you shouldn't volunteer something," says Northwestern University law professor Paul Robinson. There are reports that Lewinsky said on tape that the President told her, "There is no evidence, so you can deny, deny, deny." But you are allowed to urge a witness to deny something that is untrue. And Clinton's lawyers could argue something got lost in Lewinsky's casual paraphrase of his remarks.

Suborning perjury, or at least conspiring to, may be the strongest charge against Lewinsky. Starr reportedly has a set of written "talking points," which appear to have been written by a lawyer, that Lewinsky used to urge Tripp to tailor her testimony to protect Clinton. That could be conspiracy to suborn perjury. This talking-points

document is already being touted as Starr's strongest weapon to force Lewinsky to cooperate in a case against Clinton.

Starr could also possibly pursue an array of conspiracy charges. If Clinton worked through Jordan or another intermediary to get Lewinsky to lie, as has been alleged, it could be conspiracy to suborn perjury or obstruct justice. The same would be true if Clinton and Jordan discussed getting Lewinsky a job in exchange for her false testimony, or if anyone inside the White House or out helped her prepare the talking points for Tripp.

Any number of other violations of law could end up in court before it's all over. Tripp may have broken Maryland law if she taped Lewinsky without her consent. Clinton may have sexually harassed Lewinsky, though it seems unlikely. "It appears Clinton didn't force her into it and that the relationship wasn't unwelcome," says Mary Coombs, a University of Miami law professor. Finally, if any of the accounts of what occurred that have leaked out prove untrue, Lewinsky, and conceivably even Clinton, could turn the tables and sue for defamation.

## CONSPIRACY TO SUBORN PERJURY

An alliance between two or more people to encourage a witness to lie under oath in an official proceeding

**FOR EXAMPLE** If Clinton asked Jordan to tell Lewinsky to lie at her deposition in the Paula Jones case

## SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Employment discrimination that can include sexual advances, requests for sexual favors and other verbal or physical overtures of a sexual nature

**FOR EXAMPLE** If Clinton made sexual advances toward Lewinsky against her wishes while she was employed at the White House

## IMPEACHMENT

A majority vote by the House that a federal official should be tried in the Senate for treason, bribery or "other High Crimes and Misdemeanors"

**FOR EXAMPLE** If the House votes to send the matter of Clinton's alleged obstruction of justice to the Senate for trial



## SPECIAL REPORT | Clinton's Crisis

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled for the first time last year, in *Paula Jones v. William Clinton*, that a President can be sued in a civil matter. Some legal scholars read into that decision a willingness to make the President answerable to criminal prosecutions as well. But others argue that the Founding Fathers intended the Impeachment Clause to be the only mechanism for prosecuting a President. As a practical matter, Starr is more likely to present evidence of illegal activity by Clinton to Congress for impeachment proceedings than to a federal court for trial.

The drumbeat for impeachment hearings has already begun. "It will be very hard to resist the impetus" for hearings, says House Judiciary chair Henry Hyde.

The process starts with a congressional investigation. It takes a majority vote of the House of Representatives to impeach, and if the vote carries, a trial is conducted by the Senate. A two-thirds vote is required to convict, which would cause the President to be removed from office. Andrew Johnson is the only President ever impeached, and the Senate failed to convict him. In the only other close call, Nixon resigned at the height of Watergate before the House could vote on impeachment.

Though the Constitution doesn't define "high Crimes and Misdemeanors," there is little doubt that the worst of the obstruction-of-justice and perjury charges against Clinton, if true, would qualify. But Clinton's accusers would have the same

difficulties in proving obstruction of justice at an impeachment that Starr would have in court. It seems unlikely, in any case, that C-SPAN will be carrying a Clinton impeachment anytime soon. If it got to that point, he would be under powerful pressure to step down. "The Democrats would force the President out before it got that far," says George Washington University law professor Stephen Saltzburg. "They would not allow him to take the party down with him." The truth will likely emerge soon. "This is not Iran-*contra* or Watergate—it's not that complicated," notes Saltzburg. No, it's not. When a fuller picture emerges, Clinton's case will be decided in the court of public opinion long before it finds its way into a court of law.

## IS THE PROSECUTOR RUNNING A STARR CHAMBER?



**WHITewater**  
Were the Clintons on the scams?



**TRAVELGATE**  
Was Hillary behind firings?



**BILLINGSGATE**  
What happened to the records?



**FILEGATE**  
Were FBI files misused?



**FOSTER SUICIDE**  
Were office papers removed?



**WEBB HUBBELL**  
Did he get work as hush money?



**ZIPPERGATE**  
Was she told to lie about an affair?

A WEEK AGO, KEN STARR WAS JUST ANOTHER LAWMAN WHO had spent three years and \$30 million poking into bad Arkansas land deals and finding little. But suddenly, the man who put Susan McDougal behind bars and cracked the "Castle Grande" scandal has hit pay dirt. A sob sister wired for sound has done what years of dutiful subpoenaing couldn't: lay bare the Clinton Administration to paralyzing scrutiny. That seeming triumph, however, has only reignited a fierce debate that has dogged Starr from his first days as Whitewater special prosecutor.

Prosecutors are supposed to be above the political fray, but Starr has always had trouble fitting the model. There was controversy from the start. He was chosen after U.S. Judge David Sentelle, the Republican who headed the three-judge panel that appointed him, was seen at lunch in the Senate dining room with Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth, the conservative Republican Senators from North Carolina. Sentelle denied they had talked about Starr or the Whitewater prosecutor post.

Starr also came with a luggage cart's worth of political baggage. He once considered challenging Oliver North in Virginia's Republican Senate primary. He nearly filed a court brief for Paula Jones in her sexual-harassment suit against President Clinton. And even while serving as special prosecutor, Starr has continued to represent private clients with a conservative political agenda, including the tobacco in-

dustry. In September 1996, PBS anchorman Jim Lehrer asked Clinton if he thought Starr was out to "get you and Mrs. Clinton." Clinton answered, "Isn't it obvious?"

Critics see in Starr's latest foray evidence of ax grinding. Sex close to the Oval Office is, after all, a far stretch from Arkansas land investments. "The idea of taping someone who may have

had a relationship with the President in order to prove a pattern of dealing with witnesses has such an attenuated connection with Whitewater [that] it's high-tech *Columbo*," says University of Chicago law professor Cass Sunstein. In his view Starr, whom he otherwise respects, is "so fixated on the task of investigating Clinton that he's lost all perspective on what the appropriate role of a prosecutor is."

Defenders of Starr's actions say the Lewinsky probe does flow legitimately from his Whitewater charge. He was duty bound, they say, to follow a pattern of obstruction of justice wherever the evidence led him. As for suggestions of opportunism, Starr may have hurt himself by taking on a frustrating job and the withering attacks that go with it. Starr could have been an Attorney General or a Supreme Court nominee, says New York University law professor Stephen Gillers, who believes those prospects are now unlikely. "I'll give 3-to-1 odds," says Gillers, "Ken Starr wishes he had never accepted this assignment." —By Adam Cohen.

With reporting by Andrea Sachs/New York



Is the prosecutor a Clinton persecutor?

# SHE JUST PICKED UP A **VIRUS** TO BRING HOME TO HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS.



In certain parts of the world, hepatitis A virus is rampant. When you travel to those high-risk areas (shown in red on the map below\*), you can pick up the virus from contaminated food, water or an infected waiter or chef. It can be picked up very easily...even at the best hotels and resorts and it's virtually beyond your control.



\*Adapted from MMWR

■ **High risk.** ■ **Intermediate risk.** ■ **Low risk.**

Hepatitis A can cause vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, fever, nausea and jaundice (yellow skin and eyes). But as bad as those symptoms can make you feel, this may make you feel even worse: You can pass hepatitis A along to your family and friends before you even know you have it.

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**Hepatitis A**, a highly contagious liver disease, can be easily picked up from contaminated food or water.

Why risk it? Hepatitis A can be prevented. In fact, the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recommends immunization for travelers to intermediate- and high-risk areas. **A vaccination in advance of your trip is the best way to protect yourself against the hepatitis A virus.**

If you're planning your vacation, now is the time to ask your doctor or health-care provider about getting immunized against hepatitis A.

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HAI2/97 1 MMWR, December 27, 1996, Vol. 45, p. 7.

\*This map generalizes available data, and patterns may vary within countries.

Andrew Ferguson

# It's the Sex, Stupid

So there we are, my seven-year-old son and I, sitting on the couch last week, watching the evening news. I flatter myself that it's a scene from the civics textbooks: Dad introducing Junior to the wide world of public affairs. My son knows something is up with President Clinton, but he's not sure what, precisely, and I'm not sure I want to explain it to him. Suddenly the words Oval Office pop out from the newsreader, and then President, then oral sex, and my son's brow furrows. He looks up at me, thoroughly puzzled. I reach for the mute button and kill the sound from the TV. This is not what the civics books had in mind.

I mention my homey vignette because already among the pundit class a consensus has emerged about the role of sex in the latest Clinton scandal: it is not, at the deepest level, about sex; the truly damning allegations are about possible perjury, and about the subordination of perjury, and about the obstruction of justice, and about other matters of law.

No. This thing is about sex.

On its face that statement may sound so banal as to be meaningless. Everyone knows sex is involved. My point is different. Sex is the whole ball of wax. If the scandal mortally wounds Clinton, it will be because the public understands the relationship he is alleged to have forged with Monica Lewinsky. It will be because they had sex and because of the kind of sex they had.

In the knowing, irony-drenched world of baby-boomer culture, no one wants to be thought a prig. So let's stipulate that simple adultery would not have endangered the President politically or created the lurid spectacle before us. He's been accused of that before and survived. People seemed not to believe his denials in 1992 about Gennifer Flowers—in fact, according to leaks from his recent deposition, the President seems not to have believed them himself—but the public apparently forgave him. An implicit bargain was struck, and it's hard to imagine a national convulsion erupting from disclosures that, say, he had stashed away somewhere in the Old Executive Office Building a cabaret singer roughly his own age.

The tapes of Monica Lewinsky, though, tell a story that is, shall we say, more complicated. If the tapes are correct—and Bill Clinton, of course, says they are not—the President of the Unit-

ed States is a sexual predator. The story line is boy-meets-girl, with a twist. The boy is 50 years old, married, and the most powerful and famous man in the world; the girl is by many definitions still a girl, a few years older than his daughter: 21, fresh from college, away from home, working for him without pay at her first real job. He is her boss; she is starstruck. He travels in motorcades; she works as a clerk. She is flirtatious and pretty and willing, and he takes her.

Much has already been made about the manner of sex described on the tapes. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is strictly one-way, designed for the maximum pleasure of the recipient. The pleasure of the giver is incidental. The act itself summarizes the relationship, as the tapes reveal it: someone is the supplicant, and it's not the President. Those of us unlucky enough to remember the late 1960s and early 1970s—before Monica Lewinsky was born—recall the radical-feminist critique of sex as purely a matter of power and exploitation. Under some circumstances the critique seems not so radical. It explains why, for example, professors are enjoined from dating their students. Immaturity and infatuation make you vulnerable,

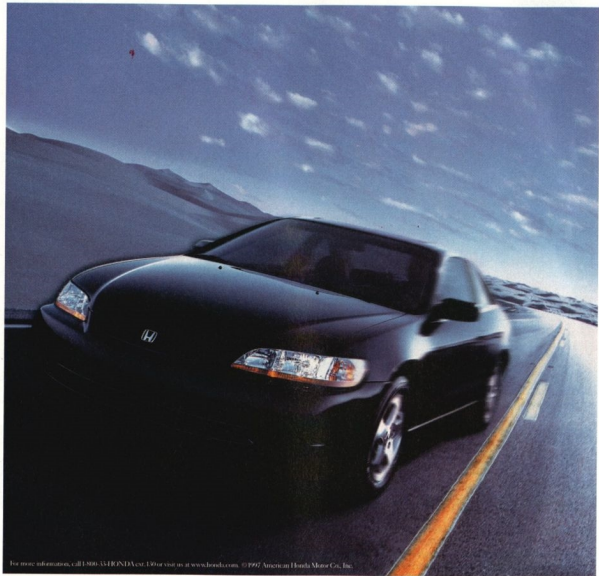
even if you yourself aren't aware of it, and decent people in positions of power do not exploit the vulnerable for kicks. Here the logic of common morality is inexorable, and the conclusion is harsh: If the President had sex with her, he is not a decent man; he will be understood as such; and his public life will be over.

Why? Maybe no one wants to be thought a moralist these days, but most people are moralists at heart; their standards might be flexible and forgiving, but they're not infinitely elastic. It is possible, and in the view of some people likely, that the tapes will be exposed as the quite elaborate fantasies, 20 hours' worth, of an unstable young woman. But if the tapes are true, that wobbly moralism will reassert itself, for many of those irony-drenched boomers are now parents of their own Monica Lewinskys. One of two things will follow. The public will demand that Clinton go; or, tired of watching the news with their fingers on the mute button, they will turn away not only from the President but also from the very idea of public responsibility. And that, needless to say, isn't what the civics textbooks had in mind either.





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SHARED SPOTLIGHT: Castro was determined to bask in the reflected legitimacy of the Pope



MASS APPEAL: Crowds of believers and the mere

# THE POPE'S MISSION

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

**A** GIANT TURQUOISE-AND-PINK JESUS Christ alongside a black mural of Che Guevara. Fidel Castro's hand gently guiding Pope John Paul II's shuffling steps. Symbols of accord amid substantive disagreement. The pastoral and the political came together in Cuba last week just the way the missionary of Christian faith and the apostle of

communism had planned. But as the two pursued their own agendas, each had to be disappointed that the historic visit intended as a public relations coup was upstaged in the U.S. by the Clinton sex scandal.

As the visibly frail but determined John Paul II traveled the length of the island to conduct four outdoor Masses, he attracted a mix of Catholic believers eager for a papal blessing and party faithful curious to see a real, live Pope. In public homilies, his aim

was to stimulate new, even revolutionary ideas within Castro's closed society. Yet his message, though close to his heart, was only covertly political, chiding Cuba's lapsed family values harder than its lack of human rights, calling more for Catholic education than confrontation with the regime. Speaking fervently on issues that are of particular relevance to Cubans, the Pope came down hard on abortion, divorce, premarital sex—all common practices there. When he openly criti-





...rius were proud to welcome the Pope to their country but unsure what to make of his message

# ON OF HOPE

The Pope tries to open Cuba to change; Castro hopes his visit will open the world to Cuba

cized both the U.S. embargo and communist ideology, he did so in equally muted terms.

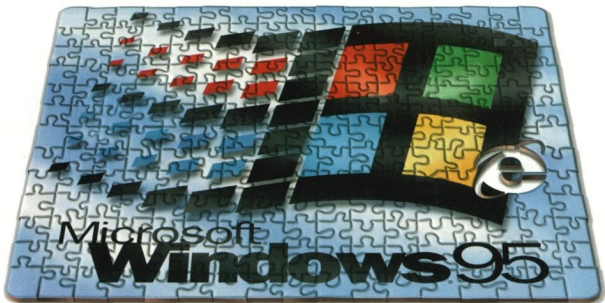
For his part, Castro skillfully extended his blessing over the visit, basking in the reflected glow of legitimacy, hoping to blunt any strong statements on human liberties with a display of openness and tolerance. He ensured that big crowds would greet John Paul by giving workers time off. He identified himself with the Pope's views on hunger, poverty and social justice. And he

pressed Cubans to consider the visit primarily a show of support. "We're not here because he is the Pope," said Aimee Vailant, a 26-year-old Havana nurse, "but because his visit is an honor to Cuba."

On Sunday, after a grand-scale Havana Mass, the Pope will go home, the picture of Jesus will come down and little will have visibly changed. Cubans often seemed more respectful of the man than moved by his words. The Vatican said Castro agreed

to "consider" freeing some political prisoners as the Pope has asked, but there is little sign yet of tangible concessions to requests for more priests, parochial schools or media access. What impact the Pope has on this aging revolution will mainly be measured in human hearts, where any real challenge to the Cuban system will have to begin.

—Reported by Greg Burke/  
Santa Clara and Tammerlin Drummond and Alexa  
M. Pascual/Havana



## BILL GATES BLINKS

Is Microsoft's settlement with the feds a white flag, or a tactical retreat in the battle to rule the Web?

By MICHAEL KRANTZ



SAY WHAT YOU WILL about Bill Gates—the man knows when to swallow hard and cut a deal. At first blush, the abrupt announcement last

week that Microsoft had settled one round of its continuing dispute with the Federal Government—by agreeing to let PC makers remove the icon for the company's Web browser, Internet Explorer, from their machines' desktops—looked like abject capitulation. But as usual, the closer you look, the craftier the CEO's reasoning seems.

At issue was whether forcing PC vendors to license Microsoft's Windows95 to take Explorer as well constitutes product "tying"—a violation of the consent decree signed by Microsoft in 1995. After Joel Klein, the Justice Department's antitrust chief, reopened Justice's dormant suit against Microsoft, U.S. District Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson issued a preliminary injunction forbidding Microsoft to engage in Explorer strong-arming. This in turn produced Microsoft's infamously petulant response: offering to sell versions of Windows that didn't have Explorer but

didn't work either. After showing in court that it took less than 90 seconds to disable Explorer using Windows' "Add/Remove" program, Jackson testily asked the company to explain why it was not in contempt.

Judge Jackson is a soft-spoken man, but when he talks he has the force of the federal bench behind him, so even Bill Gates listened—perhaps this time a bit too closely. In hearings two weeks ago, the combatants conducted an intricate dissection of the injunction's language. Jackson's prose demanded that Microsoft stop forcing vendors to include "any Microsoft Internet browser software (including Internet Explorer 3.0, 4.0, or any successor versions thereof)" on their Windows machines. O.K., Microsoft lawyers asked Justice, pointing to a long, obscure list of .DLL and .EXE program files, then which ones belong to Explorer and which to Windows95?

At that point, what had seemed like foolhardy grandstanding suddenly looked like a clever legal maneuver. The program called Explorer, Microsoft lawyers explained, no longer exists as an independent entity. Microsoft engineers have woven ever larger chunks of Explorer code into the fabric of the Windows operating system in the form of those .DLL files—

miniprograms that link PC applications to the Net. The more intertwined Explorer and Windows become, the more fluidly Windows will adapt to the Web—which is why rivals are so eager to stop Microsoft from tying the two together.

But they may not get what they want. Jackson's vaguely phrased order merely told Microsoft to let PC makers remove Explorer's visible manifestation—that big blue e—from their desktops, not to erase all traces of Internet-related code from Windows, which by now may be impossible. Microsoft knew this and could have just asked Jackson to clarify his order.

But that is not Bill Gates' style. Better, he figured, to take Jackson at his sloppy word, appeal his order and let the results illustrate the court's ignorance. "It seemed absolutely clear to you," Jackson asked Microsoft V.P. David Cole in court, "that I entered an order that required that you distribute a product that would not work. That's what you're telling me?" Cole's stone-faced reply: "In plain English, yes."

It is a measure of Microsoft's almost refreshing naiveté that these guys actually thought plain English might cut it inside the Beltway. For while Gates' semantic hairsplitting may have been technically accurate, in p.r. terms it was painfully misguided. The media gasped at Microsoft's brinkmanship, and that \$1 million-a-day fine Klein asked for last fall now loomed like a juicy apple ripe for Jackson's picking.

In other words, Gates had been guilty of foolhardy grandstanding after all. Last Thursday, with closing arguments set to begin, the chairman chose retreat. "I am

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

Daniel Kadlec

## Disappearing Dividends?

Ending payouts may be a good thing for investors

pleased to advise the court that we have reached [an agreement that] settles the dispute on the compliance," announced Microsoft lawyer Richard Urowsky. "We believe this order will achieve all the relief the United States sought," echoed Justice attorney Phillip Malone. The judge donned his glasses. "And that," he said, "concludes our business for the day."

Well, not quite; the jousting just reconvened on the courthouse steps. "This is a very important victory for consumers and innovators," Klein exulted, adding that the latter would no longer "be snuffed out by Microsoft's... monopoly power. That's the way capitalism works in America."

Well, again, not quite. The settlement was how politics works in America. The way capitalism works is this: strategists at such vendors as Dell and Compaq let it be known that they had no plans to offend the company that rules their industry by accepting an offer made with a gun to its head. Meanwhile, Gates' browser rival, Netscape CEO Jim Barksdale, held his own Thursday press conference, seizing this window of Microsoft vulnerability to announce that not only will he start distributing Netscape's Navigator browser for free, just like Microsoft, but that he will also give away his crown jewels—the browser's source code—inviting every programmer on the Web to join forces to battle Microsoft.

Whether this Hail Mary play will work remains to be seen—as does the question of how long Gates' capitulation will last. The settlement merely delays the underlying case until April 21, when Microsoft's appeal is scheduled to be heard by a three-judge panel, viewed by antitrust sources as libertarian-leaning and thus possibly pro-Microsoft. By then programmers will be working with early versions of Windows98, which integrates Explorer even more fully—thus in theory solidifying Microsoft's hammerlock on the Net.

If, that is, Klein hasn't stopped them first. The antitrust chief's larger investigation remains active and aggressive; a Justice source confirms that wider antitrust action under the Sherman Act, if it comes, will probably arrive before the new operating system does. First Jackson will hear from "special master" Lawrence Lessig, the Harvard law professor whose court-ordered study of Microsoft's business practices is due in May. Around the same time, of course, Microsoft's appeal (which includes a request to have Lessig removed from the case) reaches court, and Win98 hits software shelves near you.

No wonder Bill Gates folded this hand. The game is young, and a much bigger pot is at stake in the next round. —With reporting by Declan McCullagh/Washington

**C**ASH DIVIDENDS TO SHAREHOLDERS ARE DISAPPEARING QUICKER THAN BILL Clinton's credibility. Last year companies in the Standard & Poor's 500 paid out only 37% of their earnings as dividends, an all-time low. The average payout since 1945 is 52%. Corporate stinginess has helped drop the S&P 500 dividend yield (dividend divided by stock price) to 1.6%—so subterranean that merely calling it an all-time low doesn't do it justice. It is less than half the postwar average yield of 4.1% and way below the previous low-water mark of 2.6% in 1987.

The case of the disappearing dividend isn't hard to solve. As share prices have soared in recent years, dividends have come to be regarded as only slightly more relevant than the gushing palaver in an annual report. In this so-called new era for investing, perfectly healthy electric utility companies—the widows-and-orphans stocks long known for generous dividend policies—have been slashing their payout rates without a trace of remorse. "It's worked out splendidly," says John Hodowal, chairman of Ipalco Enterprises, based in Indianapolis, Ind., who last year short-circuited the dividend by 32% and immediately bought back 22% of outstanding shares. What's so splendid? Last year Ipalco shares, including dividends, returned 58%—double the Dow and triple the average utility. A Florida power company, FPL Group, was the first healthy utility to take the step, in 1994. Its stock too has dazzled.

Utilities are being deregulated, so they have an unusual reason to change policy and hoard cash. But the day is fast approaching when all kinds of thriving companies will ditch their dividends and use the savings to buy back stock to boost their share price. Specialty toolmaker SPX Corp., in Muskegon, Mich., made the move last April. Lo and behold, the stock has been rising twice as fast as the Dow.

Look for some blue-chip companies to step up next. Who might make the bold move? Among the giants, companies like Wal-Mart, Disney and Home Depot are good candidates. They are fast growing and pay woefully small dividends anyway. Disney, for example, has the lowest dividend yield of the 30 companies in the Dow, at 0.55%. You couldn't feed a mouse on that.

Certainly, some investors who live off dividends would cut and run. But there are powerful pro-investor arguments for dumping the dividend. One is that many investors reinvest dividends anyway and incur transaction costs to do so. But the main argument is that dividends are taxed as ordinary income, a marginal rate of up to 39.6%, while long-term stock gains are taxed as capital gains, a much lower rate of 20%. So it makes sense for companies to use their cash to buy back stock. Yes, a bear market could devour this strategy. But as long as the tax code clearly favors capital gains, dividends will dwindle—and nothing would make that plainer than a healthy blue chip wiping out its dividend altogether. ■

### WHO'LL BE FIRST?

With the tax code favoring capital gains over dividends, some healthy companies will one day go dividendless. The biggest S&P 500 companies with slim dividend yields and earnings growth of at least 10% a year:

Company	Yield
American Intl. Group	.29%
Compaq Computer	.19%
Disney	.55%
Hewlett-Packard	.90%
Home Depot	.34%
Intel	.16%
McDonald's	.69%
Medtronic	.46%
Texas Instruments	.73%
Wal-Mart	.68%



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# Crazy Is As Crazy Does

Why the Unabomber agreed to trade a guilty plea for a life sentence

By TAMALA M. EDWARDS

**S**URELY THE DEATH PENALTY WAS meant for this: to extract retribution for a man whose limbs were mangled by an explosion as his mother watched through a window. For a father killed in his kitchen while opening a parcel that had nonchalantly been passed around by his family. For another man blown away by a mail bomb addressed to someone else, the work of a terrorist who would then scribble in his journal, "We have no regret blowing up the wrong guy." Lethal injection would seem just the prescription for a figure who could, in a Sacramento, Calif., courtroom amid his victims, hear his three murders and 23 bombing injuries recounted, as if by Gabriel on Judgment Day, and respond, in a confident, remorseless voice, "Guilty, your Honor."

Yet with those words, Theodore Kaczynski, the Unabomber, last week saved himself from the threat of execution. In a plea bargain with federal prosecutors, he accepted a sentence of life in prison without the possibility of appeal or release. Denied his belated request to defend himself in court, he abandoned his plan to argue that his 18-year killing spree—aimed mainly at those he considered technocrats, like computer scientists and business executives—was necessary to save an environment-spoiling America from itself. But he also gave up what some Justice Department officials and his victims feared was a chance that he might win a lesser sentence. This bargain, ironically, was sealed by fresh evidence of an ameliorating factor Kaczynski would never concede: that the self-styled scourge of a sick society was himself mentally ill.

Everyone has a point of pride, a trait held paramount in defining oneself. Some might have looks or will, Ted Kaczynski prized his brilliance. So it was in a sort of self-defense that he refused to allow his mind to be called into question, first by trying to fire his lawyers for planning a mental-defect defense, at least in the



**CONVICTED:** He copped a plea and expressed no remorse



**AFTERMATH:** Kaczynski's brother and mother express relief

penalty phase of the trial. Kaczynski wanted to hire another lawyer, but Judge Garland Burrell Jr. scotched that idea as coming too late in the game.

Kaczynski then asked to represent himself. In order to prove his competence, he set aside his loathing of psychiatrists and allowed the court to appoint one to examine him. Kaczynski got more than he bargained for. The sessions with Dr. Sally Johnson went on for 20 hours. She found that he was indeed competent to represent himself. But she also found that he was a delusional paranoid schizophrenic.

When Judge Burrell last Thursday morning denied Kaczynski's request to represent himself, the defendant could see that his lawyers would go ahead with their defense, one that portrayed him as mentally ill. And he wouldn't stand for that. He now wanted a deal.

So did Justice Department officials, who had their own concerns. They were worried that Kaczynski's mental illness

would be taken heavily into account by jurors considering whether to sentence him to death or to a lesser penalty. Prosecutors also fretted that Judge Burrell's decision not to let Kaczynski represent himself could be overturned on appeal. But they kept their game faces on; they arrived in court on Thursday with fresh haircuts, looking ready for trial.

Earlier, Kaczynski had offered to plead guilty only if he were not placed in a prison psychiatric facility and if he retained the right to appeal the FBI's search of his cabin. Now he and his lawyers dropped those conditions. The prosecutors consulted with Attorney General Janet Reno in Washington and with Kaczynski's victims and their families. All agreed that a certain life sentence was preferable to the risks and delays of a jury trial.

As lawyers on both sides worked to complete the plea agreement, David Kaczynski, brother of Ted, scribbled on a yellow legal pad. It was David who had turned his brother in—and who has since argued forcefully that he should be spared execution on account of his mental state. At the top of his pad, he began writing, "The reaction of my mother and I to the plea agreement..." And when he was finished, as other spectators chatted quietly among themselves, he and his mother Wanda leaned silently against each other.

By midafternoon it was all over. Never once did Ted Kaczynski acknowledge his frail, 80-year-old mother or his brother, who sat only a few feet behind him. Never once did he express regret. As he walked from the courtroom toward a lifetime in prison, he never once looked back. Connie Murray, whose husband Gilbert was killed by Kaczynski, took comfort that at least he "will never, ever kill again." David and Wanda, with the dignity they've shown throughout the proceedings, expressed their sorrow to the victims and their relief at the sentence, which David, reading from his legal pad, described as "appropriate, just and civilized."

—Reported by David S. Jackson/Sacramento and Elaine Shannon/Washington



# When considering menopause and the consequences of its associated estrogen loss, consider the entire body of evidence.

**Brain:** In the past 10 years, research has explored questions surrounding the consequences of menopause and cognitive functioning, memory, and Alzheimer's disease.

**Uncomfortable symptoms:**

For over 50 years, it's been known that estrogen loss associated with menopause causes the hot flashes and night sweats that often influence mood and sleep.

**Sexuality:** Half a century of study has confirmed that estrogen loss causes vaginal thinning and dryness and increases the frequency of vaginal infections, which can be uncomfortable and interfere with intimacy.



**Eyes:** Ongoing research continues to investigate cataracts in post-menopausal women, as well as age-related macular degeneration, the leading cause of blindness in the aging population.

**Teeth:** Research continues to explore the association between tooth loss and menopause.

**Heart:** Since the 1950s, large-scale clinical trials have researched cardiovascular disease in post-menopausal women, looking at cholesterol, heart attacks, and death.

**Bone:** Decades of research have proven that estrogen loss decreases bone mineral density and increases the risk of fractures from osteoporosis.

**Colon:** Ongoing research continues to explore the risk of colon cancer among women after menopause.

Today, we know more than ever about the consequences of estrogen loss during and after menopause, and the effect it has on your entire body. So-called "selective" or "designer" estrogens may not impact a number of health issues associated with menopause.

Talk to your doctor, because problems resulting from estrogen loss aren't always selective.

This message is sponsored by the Wyeth-Ayerst Women's Health Research Institute, devoted exclusively to the discovery and development of medicines that help women live healthier lives.



# THE POETICS OF

No gimmicks. No logos. Just a sublime devotion to pure elegance

By **GINIA BELLAFANTE**



GEOFFREY BEENE

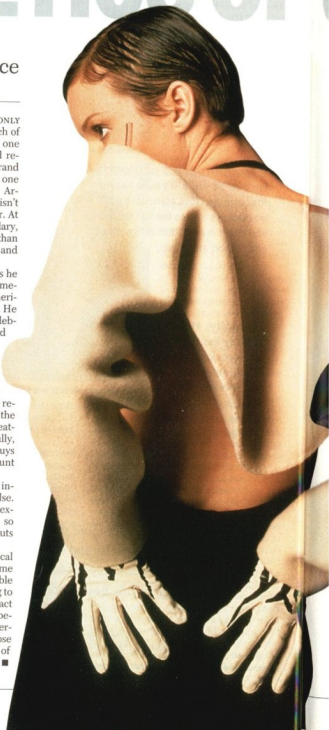
TO ENTER INTO GEOFFREY BEENE'S ONE AND ONLY shop, located on a relatively unhurried patch of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, is to experience one man's extraordinary sense of rebellion and restraint. A small fraction of the size of the grand retail showplaces that line Madison Avenue one block to the east (Ralph Lauren, Giorgio Armani), Beene's store, which he visits daily, isn't meant to stand as a monument to its creator. At 70, Beene, unlike his peers, offers no secondary, lower-priced line (his clothes range from \$1,500 to more than \$10,000), no logoed handbags or housewares. Visit Beene's shop, and you realize there is no small piece of his world to take home.

But then there is no Beene world for sale. In the four decades he has designed womenswear, Beene, who will receive a lifetime-achievement award from the Council of Fashion Designers of America next week, has refrained from becoming a purveyor of life-style. He doesn't sell gimmicks or trends or, remarkably, given fashion's celebrity culture, himself. Each of his meticulously cut dresses, gowns and jackets stands as part of a technical, ongoing treatise on line, fabric, demure sensuality. Notes former *Vogue* editor Grace Mirabella: "He is the finest and purest designer we have."

A Louisiana native, Beene gave up studying medicine at 19, believing that he could best express himself through design. He started his own label in 1963. Perhaps because his garments are so refined, it is easy to overlook Beene as fashion's pioneer in elevating the everyday. In 1970 he created evening wear out of materials like sweat-shirt fabric and denim, an aesthetic later executed far less tastefully, albeit to greater splash, by Gianni Versace. Today Beene often buys shoes for his fashion shows along one of Manhattan's seedier discount shopping blocks. "There are jewels," he enthuses, "everywhere."

Beene has managed to stay in business through the support of intensely devoted clients who care little about looking like someone else. Journalist Amy Fine Collins, Beene's muse, has worn his clothes exclusively for the past 10 years because the design is "so strong, so graphic, so precise." Beene dresses women of means but not, as he puts it, "the bonbon and Pekingese type."

A generally reticent creature, Beene nevertheless reserves a vocal distaste for the followers and creators of fad. "I'd rather look at some of the horrible things you see on the street than some of the horrible things you see coming from Paris at the moment," he says, referring to the theatrics of John Galiano and Alexander McQueen. On the impact of grunge: "It was stronger than anyone wishes to admit." Beene believes the look led to an unceasing fascination with clunky, cumbersome footwear. "The one thing that could define this decade is those ugly shoes," he says. "I can only hope they disappear." And the rest of us can only hope that Beene's vision of chic never does. ■



H I O N

# STYLE

**THE HIGH AND THE LOW** Lover of the found object, Beene added plastic tubing (shooting from the tops of the shoulders) to a rather serious bolero

**BODY CONSCIOUS** With Beene's cut, says his muse, "seams curve and spiral around the body the way muscles and tendons do"



**MODERN GLAMOUR** True classics, Beene's clothes, like this new gown for spring, evolve from a sense of history rather than any specific time



**IT'S A WRAP!** No, actually a jacket. A worshipper of fabric, Beene will travel anywhere to find the finest. In 1991 he used quilted taffeta with gold paillettes



**TOUCHDOWN** Inspired by his love of football, Beene brought the jersey to the ballroom in 1967. "Evening wear," he says, "had been too structured"

# SEEKING SALVATION FOR



■ Ruben Blades,  
actor

■ Bob Crowley,  
set designer

■ Ednita Nazario,  
actor

■ Mark Morris,  
director

■ Marc Anthony,  
actor

■ Paul Simon,  
writer/composer

■ Derek Walcott,  
co-writer

OUTSIDERS: Except  
for Crowley, all are  
Broadway neophytes

# THE CAPEMAN

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

**O**N A HOT JULY AFTERNOON, Paul Simon was fiddling with dials on a control panel in a cramped recording studio in midtown Manhattan. With most of his hair gone and his plump face inching toward jowly, the pop troubadour, 56, has reached unmistakable middle age. But the mellow, yearning voice coming through the sound system has changed little: "I was born in Puerto Rico/ Came here when I was a child..." Simon was preparing the mix for a song from *The Capeman*, his new musical that recounts a bloody tabloid crime from the 1950s, explores questions of guilt and redemption and introduces a rich dose of Latin rhythms and doo-wop music to Broadway. One riff from the electric keyboard caused him to make a face. "It's too synthy, too 'woo-woo,'" he said. "Have you got some nice strings?" Another muddy spot he wanted rerecorded: "The piano's too busy. You lose the lyrics." Putting the finishing touches on the album *Songs from The Capeman*, being readied for release in advance of the show's opening, Simon seemed cool, confident and completely in his element.

It was when he ventured out into the rough, unfamiliar seas of Broadway that he encountered troubled waters. *The Capeman*—Simon's first Broadway musical, seven years in the works, opening this week—has weathered one of the most heavily publicized and problem-plagued births of any show in years. Reports that Simon, a legendary perfectionist, has not taken well to the demands of theatrical collaboration have been the buzz of Broadway for months. The show's opening, originally scheduled for Jan. 8, was postponed three weeks when a new director—the show's fourth—was brought in to do some last-minute retooling. Even the preshow CD, Simon's first album of new music since *The Rhythm of the Saints* in 1990, was a serious commercial disappointment, dropping off the *Billboard* Top 100 after only six weeks.

There were problems on stage too, which became apparent when the show

started preview performances in early December. Its story of Salvador Agrón—a Puerto Rican teenager convicted of killing two white youths in a Hell's Kitchen playground in 1959—was confused and uninvolved; the staging lacked energy; and there was surprisingly little dancing for a show directed by an acclaimed choreographer, Mark Morris. Last month the producers enticed veteran director Jerry Zaks (the Tony Award-winning revival of *Gypsy* and *Dolls*) to take over as show doctor. He in turn brought in a new choreographer, Joey McKneely. That left Morris (though still the director of record) the odd man out. Show publicists claim Morris remains in close touch with the production and is offering input, but he described his role to *TIME* late last week as a "visiting dignitary" who stopped attending rehearsals once Zaks came in. His reaction to the usurpation? "In some ways relief," says Morris, "in some ways embarrassment. But I want Paul to be happy with the show."

It may still happen. Zaks has cut several numbers, restaged others and made the story tighter and more coherent. Reaction from audiences is improving. Stranger things have happened on Broadway: for all its troubles, *The Capeman* may win redemption yet.

The creative team is upbeat. "One of the things that amazes me," Ednita Nazario, who plays Agrón's mother, said Friday during a break in the show's final rehearsal, "is this perception that there's this huge crisis and turmoil around the play. And it's so not true." Zaks says he took on the daunting task because he was excited by the chance to "help something already on its way to being something, to become what it wants to be," and he says he's happy with the results after a scant three weeks. The show's producers, meanwhile, insist that

all the negative publicity has been unfair. "Would I wish this kind of scrutiny and fishbowl on any artist?" asks producer Edgar Dobie. "No."

Simon got the idea for *The Capeman* nearly a decade ago, recalling a famous crime from his New York City childhood. Agrón and an accomplice—dubbed the Capeman and the Umbrella Man because witnesses identified them by those accoutrements—made tabloid headlines, feeding the public's fears of juvenile delinquency and gang violence. At 16, Agrón became the youngest person ever to receive the death penalty in New York State, a sentence that was later commuted to life imprisonment. In prison, Agrón educated himself, began writing poetry and left-wing political tracts and became a cause célèbre for liberal intellectuals. He won a parole in 1979 and died seven years later of an apparent heart attack.

The musical's subject matter has not surprisingly provoked controversy. Relatives of the murder victims objected to what they feared would be the glorification of Agrón, and they staged a protest at the show's first performance. Some members of the Latino community have complained that a white songwriter is perpetuating Puerto Rican stereotypes. "My fear is that the general public is going to see this as another Puerto Rican

with a knife, and they will come out with that view of our community," says Melody Capote, executive director of the Caribbean Cultural Center in New York City. The show has even spawned a counterplay: Fred Newman, a playwright and director who was once Agrón's therapist, has written and staged an off-Broadway drama on the same subject, *Salvador (Fictional Conversations)*; among its characters is one Paul Simon.

But the real-world controversy has been overshadowed by the show's re-

**After protests, problems and late retooling, Paul Simon's first Broadway show is finally ready—maybe**



PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

ative travails. Simon had near total control of the project from the start, and he assembled a team of collaborators who were mostly Broadway outsiders. As co-writer of the book and lyrics he enlisted Derek Walcott, the Nobel-prizewinning West Indian poet and playwright. Morris, a leading light of modern dance, was persuaded to make his Broadway debut as choreographer. The lead roles were cast mostly with singers who had little stage-acting experience—including Panamanian musician Ruben Blades and hot young salsa star Marc Anthony (playing the old and young Agrón, respectively). Even most of the show's producers are largely Broadway neophytes, among them TV producer/talent manager Brad Grey and Simon's friend and publicist Dan Klores.

Finding a director, however, was the real stumper. Simon admits he and Walcott didn't want a strong "auteur" who would try to impose his own vision on the show. "We wanted to do it our way, and we wanted a director whose thinking was compatible with ours," Simon says. "We wanted to work with a good director, but we didn't want to work for a good director." After running through most of Broadway's top names, rejecting some and being turned down by others, Simon settled on Susana Tubert, an Argentine-born director who had apprenticed with Harold Prince. She was ousted after three months. Then Simon brought in Eric Simonson, a young Chicago director who had staged *The Song of Jacob Zulu* on Broadway. Where Tubert had



LEFT: ANDREW HARRIS

**TABLOID STARS**  
Stage culprits Anthony, right, and Renoly Santiago; the real-life pair (Agrón, left)

favored a magic-realist approach, Simonson pushed for a more documentary style, which Simon hated. Simonson was out after two months. Simon then prevailed on Morris, whom he got along with well, to take over the job of director as well as choreographer.

Critics maintain that Simon focused excessively on the show's music at the expense of a book that had obvious problems. For a workshop in the fall of 1996, for example, he insisted that a band of seven or eight pieces be present for rehearsals—a costly and (to many theater veterans) unneeded luxury. While admitting that it's not Broadway's usual practice, Simon defends his approach of nailing down the music first. "People kept saying, 'You're doing it backward.' But if the sound isn't right, how can I hear the characters?" Says an ex-member of *The Capeman* team: "Paul's phi-

losophy is: if the song is right, the moment is right."

To be sure, the prospect of Simon's distinctive sound and formidable musical skills enlivening Broadway is an exciting one. But his I-did-it-my-way approach recalls Sam Rayburn's famous line about the Ivy League intellectuals whom President John F. Kennedy assembled as advisers: "I'd feel a whole lot better about them if one of them had just run for sheriff once." Notes Simonson: "Paul Simon is an amazing artist. But there are reasons why the theater process has evolved the way it has. You can only reinvent the wheel so many ways."

While some colleagues found Simon open and willing to listen to suggestions, others complain that he was less than receptive to dissenting ideas. (Walcott was reportedly even more prickly about proposed changes in the book he and Simon had written.) "I guess if you really become insistent on being happy with what's going on, some people are going to think you're difficult," Simon responds. "I don't think so. That's an artist's right." Yet an impending opening can focus the mind, and Si-

mon eventually became convinced that he needed help from an experienced Broadway hand like Zaks. "Jerry was mandated to make great incisions in the show," says Morris, the director he supplanted. "Some of the stuff I had wanted to do for a long time but wasn't empowered to do."

While the \$11 million show did well at the box office during early previews, ticket sales have dipped during the past few weeks. That, of course, could change quickly if the revamped show garners good reviews and Simon's fans start pouring into the theater. After a rough year, Simon is prepared for anything. "Broadway is a tiny little industry," he says. "People talk. And they don't wish you the best. But all the show-biz stuff is irrelevant. I didn't go to work on this for seven years because I wanted a big show-business hit on Broadway." But he'd take one—and so would Broadway.

—With reporting by Elaine Rivera and William Tynan/New York





**PORTRAIT OF A MARRIED COUPLE**

1523-24

lution that was going on there, which is why his work can look a bit lily and (relatively) old-fashioned, closer to Giovanni Bellini than to young Titian. Drawing creates more of his pictorial structure than color does; yet he was a marvelous colorist, suave, and capable of a mysterious lyricism that reminds you of Giorgione, his senior by only a few years. Except that the color goes to extremes: icing-green, purple, sky blue and orange, oddly predicting the dissonant colors of Mannerism.

Today it is Lotto's strangeness that enchants—or, more precisely, the way he assimilates strangeness into naturalism. The show includes what must surely be the most peculiar image of the Annunciation ever painted. We're looking into the Virgin's chamber. She is in the foreground, looking girlish and distraught, facing you and throwing up her

## An Enchanting Strangeness

The neglected 16th century master Lorenzo Lotto was psychologically complex and poetic. In a word, modern

By **ROBERT HUGHES**

IT SEEMS IMPROBABLE THAT, BY NOW, there could be such a creature as a great but little-known 16th century Italian painter, but so it is—at least in America—with Lorenzo Lotto (circa 1480-1556). The current show of 51 of his paintings at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, co-curated by art historians David Alan Brown, Peter Humfrey and Mauro Lucco, is actually the first ever held in the U.S. It can't pretend to give a full view of Lotto, the bulk of whose work consisted of some 40 altarpieces in various towns in northern Italy—Bergamo, Recanati, Jesi. Neither these nor the masterpiece of his religious work, the powerful, almost neurotically emotive *Lamentation*, circa 1530, in Monte San Giusto, could be lent, and the result is a view of Lotto more skewed to his secular paintings—portraits, allegories and so on—than one might ideally have wished.

But never mind. It's a delicious and intelligently presented exhibition, almost perfect of its kind, and completely free of the depressing curatorial gimmickry that American museums so often go in for these days. It sets before you a sparsely documented man of whom enough will never be known: a devout religious painter who lived through a time of doctrinal crisis in the church, which left visible marks on his already self-reproachful and even morbid personality; a link between the exaggerated graces of Botticelli (who died when Lotto was around 30) and the learned artificialities of Mannerism; an Italian who saw the point of Netherlandish art and Hieronymus Bosch along with Germans like Altdorfer and, especially, Dürer, not long after Dürer himself was being changed by Venice.

Because Lotto was away from Venice in the first 20 years of the 16th century, he missed the "painterly" pictorial revo-

lution that was going on there, which is why his work can look a bit lily and (relatively) old-fashioned, closer to Giovanni Bellini than to young Titian. Drawing creates more of his pictorial structure than color does; yet he was a marvelous colorist, suave, and capable of a mysterious lyricism that reminds you of Giorgione, his senior by only a few years. Except that the color goes to extremes: icing-green, purple, sky blue and orange, oddly predicting the dissonant colors of Mannerism.

Today it is Lotto's strangeness that enchants—or, more precisely, the way he assimilates strangeness into naturalism. The show includes what must surely be the most peculiar image of the Annunciation ever painted. We're looking into the Virgin's chamber. She is in the foreground, looking girlish and distraught, facing you and throwing up her hands as though she were appealing for help. And why not? The angel, bearing the news that God has just impregnated her (you can see God in the background, as invasive and patriarchal as could be), seems to have fairly burst into the room. A cat, scared witless by the angel's irruption, bounds away, back arched—you can almost hear it hiss. The painting is funny and reverent, gawky and vernacular and dreamlike, all at the same time. Hence its modern appeal.

Lotto liked to inject unexpected naturalist details into religious scenes, but once there, they don't rupture the sacred moment; they enhance it. Thus in his *Adoration of the Shepherds*, circa 1534, one of the shepherds is showing the baby Christ a lamb, whose head the child grabs at, nearly sticking his thumb in its eye, with infantile curiosity. This looks like the most natural of gestures, but it makes a fluent symbolic point as well, since one is expected to read it as Christ



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embracing the image of his future self-sacrifice, the Paschal Lamb.

Lotto was born in Venice, and he lived there intermittently through the last 24 years of his life, but most of his work was done in the "provinces"—not necessarily a bad thing for a painter in the early 16th century, since the competition in Venice was so intense and intelligent patronage was plentiful in smaller towns. Lotto seems to have been diligent rather than aggressive: hypersensitive, a loner and ill-adapted to the scramble for commissions. "Old, alone, without anyone faithful to manage things for me, and very anxious in my mind"—so he described himself in his will.

It was not easy to forge a career in the same city, at the same time, as a man of Titian's stature. Titian used up all the air in the room; you couldn't compete with him. But Lotto wasn't trying to be Titian (which was just as well), and this, in the stacked deck of hierarchical opinion, which didn't take account of the fact that different artists had different aims and temperaments, told against his reputation. After he died, it went into decline. Lotto didn't drop out of sight, like Vermeer, and have to be completely rediscovered. But he wasn't

highly valued in the later 16th century or after. Giorgio Vasari, whose *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects* (1550) was the cornerstone of Western art history, paid him little attention, and later art chroniclers were apt to assign his work to other artists. And—just as bad—other artists' work was assigned to him.

Serious Lotto scholarship, based on newly unearthed documents (including Lotto's studio journal), didn't begin until the late 19th century. When Bernard Berenson wrote the monograph that defined Lotto's oeuvre in 1895, he caused a scandal by throwing out scores of pseudo-Lottos. Collectors, particularly dual ones in Britain, were enraged by the high-handedness with which this young, upstart American Jew downgraded their swans to ducks, but the fact was that Berenson was 90% right in his Lotto reattributions. From this point the critical overhaul of Lotto slowly began.

His psychological complexity and the deep-running poetic current that came out of it seem (as they seemed to the young Berenson a century ago) peculiarly congenial to modern eyes. His work is sown with recondite allegories, complicated quirks, unexpected twists of

meaning. Despite its often ravishing formal beauty, it is full of unease. Apart from Dürer's famous etching *Melancholia*, Renaissance art can show no more poignant portrayal of the way depression freezes both action and curiosity in its sufferers than Lotto's *Portrait of a Young Man*, circa 1530. It depicts its subject with sallow face, deep dark eyes and Hamlet-black clothes, idly toying with the pages of an unread book; drying rose petals are scattered on the table next to a watching lizard, emblem of cold-bloodedness.

We are apt to think of Renaissance portraiture as straightforward: here's Duke X, the man to the life, speaking through his realistic effigy; that's the armor he wore when he hid the Turk in—and so forth. Lotto's portraits tend to be more complicated than that. Take,



**ANNUNCIATION, CIRCA 1534-35**

ART



ANDREA ODONI, 1527

for instance, his magnificently assured portrait of Andrea Odoni, 1527. Odoni, a rich Venetian, collected Greco-Roman antiquities, and the clue to this painting is the statuette he shows in his hand—an image of Artemis, goddess of the Ephesians, denounced by St. Paul. But his other hand clasps a crucifix in his breast, declaring that despite his passion for the antique, he believes in Christ, not pagan idols.

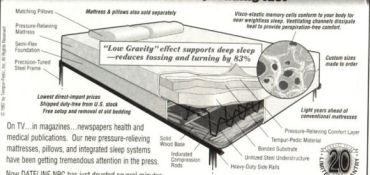
Lotto's taste for allegory and emblems is catnip to art historians who go for obscurities in the text, but coming as messages across a cultural gap of nearly half a millennium, they can be maddeningly difficult to read. *Portrait of a Married Couple*, 1523-24, looks like an ordinary marriage portrait, painted with exquisite fluency and respect: an upper-class man with a squarish, brown-bearded face (he looks oddly like the late Gianni Versace) sitting at a table with an equally patrician woman, Venetian evidently, from the white lapdog she is holding. Her right hand rests devotedly on her husband's upper arm. Marital concord.

Yes, but: the catalog, having identified him as Gian Maria Cassotti, and his wife as Laura Assonica from Bergamo, makes the surprising point that when Lotto painted their likeness, she was dead, so that Cassotti is sitting down with her ghost. One of his hands points to a squirrel, curled up in sleep. Squirrels had an emblematic reputation for sleeping through the worst of storms, and indeed a high wind is bending the trees seen through the window behind. Cassotti, one sees on closer inspection, is red-eyed and weeping. He holds up a paper, the center of Lotto's composition, on which are written the words *HOMO NUMQUAM*: "A man, never." In sum, a good widower will never find release from turmoil and grief in sleep: he will always remember his Laura. ■

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## MUSIC

# Going for the Goldie

Two British drum-'n'-bass stars put the rhythm back in rock with ambitious new albums

**B** RITISH-BORN PRODUCER-PERFORMER Goldie helped bring some rhythm back into rock. His brilliant 1995 album, *Timeless*, was instrumental in founding the genre of drum 'n' bass—pulsating, mostly danceable music driven by clubland bass grooves and propulsive percussion. Today's rock 'n' rollers are reveling in the groove, from Prodigy's brutal electro-punk, across the musical galaxy to the ska-rock band Smash Mouth's upbeat remake of War's *Why Can't We Be Friends?* Goldie wasn't the only influence, of course, but the sea change has been profound: if you listen to *Yield*, the grandfatherly new album by alternative-rock pioneers Pearl Jam, it sounds almost flat-footed next to all the rock-'n'-roll booty shaking that's going on elsewhere.

Goldie is back, after three years, with a new double album, titled *Saturnz Return* (London Records). This time around he has company at the top of the drum-'n'-bass heap. Another rising young British drum-'n'-bass star, Roni Size, winner of Britain's prestigious Mercury Music Prize, has also released a new double album, *New Forms* (Talkin' Loud/Mercury). Neither of these ambitious CDs is perfect—their sprawling size and experimental nature invite occasional slip-ups. Nonetheless, both serve up provocative music that stands apart from and above much of what's out there.

Cutting-edge pop stars in the '90s are obsessed with keeping that edge; they often steer away from their original genres in search of new forms. After helping launch grunge, Nirvana later denounced it. After helping create trip-hop, the musician Tricky moved on to more unsettling sounds. Goldie's *Timeless* is a smart, soothing album, with sweet-soul soundscapes that sweep the listener away. *Saturnz Return* pushes further and rocks harder; it seeks not only to embrace drum 'n' bass but to ex-

plore punk and classical music as well. The first song, an hourlong track called *Mother*, is an excessive, intermittently impressive number, complete with a 30-piece orchestra. Another song, the jagged *Temper Temper*, features gritty guitar work by Noel Gallagher of Oasis and snarling vocals from Goldie. A subsequent track, *Digital*, is powered by a nimble guest rap by KRS-One. Still,



**PULSATING:** Roni Size brings jazz virtuosity to the genre

Goldie is at his best when he plays it smooth: *Believe*, a jazzy R-and-B number with vocals by Diane Charlemagne, is the CD's finest moment.

On *New Forms*, Roni Size and his Bristol collective Reprazent look to jazz for sonic inspiration. Drum-'n'-bass music can be repetitive and droning, with mixes that last too long and rhythms that lack variation. The songs on *New Forms*, in contrast, display a jazz combo-like virtuosity, twisting, searching for variations on themes, moving in fresh directions after establishing a tone. Roni Size and Goldie have a lot in common: both of their new albums feature songs called *Digital*, both employ plenty of guest artists, and *New Forms*' soulful title track sounds like something from Goldie's debut. The most precious thing they share, however, is this: a willingness to court disaster.

—By Christopher John Farley





PHOTOS: BIRD TO O'HEARNEY; O'HEARNEY; LARSEN

# Trial of the Savory

In Amarillo, the shoot-out begins between Oprah and cattlemen who say she ruined their business

By ADAM COHEN

**T**HE MORE HER MAD-COW DISEASE guests talked, the more troubled Oprah Winfrey became. Food-safety activist Howard Lyman warned that America's cattle industry was inviting a mad-cow outbreak by its practice of "rendering," or grinding up, cows and feeding them to other cows. "Now doesn't that concern you all a little bit, right here, hearing that?" she asked, eliciting a roar of approval from the audience. With that, Oprah uttered the now famous words: "It has just stopped me cold from eating another burger!" Then a representative of the National Cattlemen's Beef Association conceded that, yes, there was "a limited amount" of feeding cattle to cattle occurring in the U.S. Taken together, all that had an Oprah-size impact. Cattle prices plummeted the day it aired, and kept heading south for two weeks, in what beef traders called the "Oprah Crash" of 1996.

Like any good Americans, the beef industry decided to sue. Texas rancher Paul Engler, who claims he lost more than \$6 million, charged in a federal lawsuit that the show's "carefully and maliciously edited statements were designed to hype ratings at the expense of the American cattle industry." Engler's suit against Oprah and Lyman, which went to trial in Amarillo last week, is the first ever under an odd Texas statute—one that forbids food "disparagement" and opens the way for lawsuits when fruits, vegetables or meat are defamed.

Oprah is taping her show in Amarillo

during the trial, and local merchants say the combination of trial and talk-show retinues could bring more than \$250,000 into local hotels, restaurants and shops. Until now, one of the most popular reasons to visit Amarillo, where a feedlot-slaughterhouse is the single biggest employer, was the Big Texan restaurant, where the 72-oz. steak is free for anyone who can polish it off in one hour.

For all the circus atmosphere, the talk-show diva is dead serious. At issue, she says, is her "right to ask questions and hold a public debate on issues that impact the general public and my audience."

What some critics call "veggie libel laws," arose out of the 1989 controversy over the pesticide Alar. After *60 Minutes* ran a report linking Alar to cancer in children, Washington State apple growers sued. After the court ruled in favor of the TV show, the agriculture industry turned its outrage into action. Working with farm lobbies across the country, it campaigned for new state laws lowering the burden of proof for plaintiffs suing over the bad-mouthing of food. So far, 13 states have passed food-disparagement laws, and a dozen other states are considering them.

But does food have civil rights? Yes, food producers say. When charged against a meat or veg-

**ON TRIAL: Oprah gestures to fans as she leaves the courthouse on Day Two**

etable get picked up by the national media or aired on a show like Oprah's, they can do millions of dollars in damage before the affected industries can respond. As in the case of the Alar scare, when apple sales plunged and apple growers were devastated, real lives are affected. "The states are reacting to the deep frustration of the food industry," says Steve Kopperud of the American Feed Industry Association. "Farmers and ranchers are not faceless corporations—there is a human element to this."

Critics of the new laws, who once chuckled over them, are now worried that they chill warnings about food safety. "The statutes at first were regarded as quirky and weird, but they are an area where First Amendment rights are bumping up against commercial interests," says Emory University law professor David Bederman, who tried unsuccessfully to challenge Georgia's food-disparagement law. If such laws had existed in the 1960s, environmentalists say, people would have been afraid to criticize the pesticide DDT, which was considered safe until it was proved to cause cancer and then banned in the U.S. "Going back to Upton Sinclair and *The Jungle*, a free and open discourse about food safety has been critical," says Lawrie Mott, a senior scientist with the Natural Resources Defense Council and one of the authors of the Alar report. "With each of the major debates, we have seen reforms emerge."

The days when spinach, liver and other unpopular foods could be mocked with impunity may be past. Not surprisingly, other aggrieved vegetable and meat producers are lining up to sue. The nation's second food-disparagement suit, also to be tried in Amarillo, pits emu farmers against the Honda car company.

The farmers say the emu was slammed by a commercial featuring a hucksterish emu rancher who promotes the ostrich-like bird as "the pork of the future." The ad never calls emu meat unsafe, but Fort Worth attorney John Scott says its portrayal of the birds as disreputable has dealt his clients a hard blow. In these litigious times, insult an ugly, flightless, 6-ft.-tall bird, and you may have to answer for yourself in court. ■



**PLAINTIFF: Rancher Engler says he lost \$6.7 million**

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Nicholas Paoloff 1997

# Q&A



**JOHN GOODMAN** can soon be seen in the movies *Fallen*, *Blues Brothers 2000*, *The Big Lebowski* and *The Borrowers*.

- Q: John, what are your demons?**  
**A:** Fred Flintstone. Too much chlorine in the swimming pool. Sneakers that pinch.
- Q: What's it like working with the Coen brothers?**  
**A:** It's like doing a movie at Hef's mansion. The bunnies come around with martinis at appropriate hours.
- Q: It's not at all like that, huh?**  
**A:** No. But why shouldn't it be?
- Q: Have you ever had a dark thought about Roseanne?**  
**A:** Not lately. I miss the old gal.
- Q: After you left Roseanne, did you watch it?**  
**A:** Yeah.
- Q: Every week?**  
**A:** Whenever I wasn't rolling bandages for those less fortunate than me or doing my work with the children.
- Q: How many cars do you wreck in Blues Brothers 2000?**  
**A:** 2 I think it's only 40. They got them from the Ontario Native People's commission.
- Q: Are they cheaper that way?**  
**A:** I guess so. That's why we shot in Canada.
- Q: O.K., I'll go see it. You sold one ticket at least.**  
**A:** You know you haven't paid for a film since journalism school, my friend.
- Q: I didn't go to journalism school.**  
**A:** That's quite obvious.

## And They Get Held Up Again

On Wednesday's episode of *Politically Incorrect*, **Chumbawamba's** Alice Nutter told fans to steal the group's hit album from Virgin Megastores. In retaliation, the chain removed the anarchic pop group's CD from their shelves, keeping it behind the counter. While other record stores have done the same to rap groups, this is a first for Virgin. Nutter thinks the company is overreacting. She told *People* that she's shoplifted many times before—the highlight of which was a very pretty dress. Still, she doesn't think this imbroglio is going to help get out the band's political message. "I don't know if we're doing that. We're just annoying people."



## Poetry Corner

Ted Hughes, long silent about his ex-wife's suicide, has published a collection of poems about Sylvia Plath. Is this a literary breakthrough, or too little too late? We compared their work and found out:



### Ted Hughes Night-Ride on Ariel

*Hauling your head this way and that way  
 As you clung to the Shred of the exploded dawn  
 Into the red  
 That Monday.*

**9999**  
 The Monday part is good, but "this way and that way"? Come on.

### Sylvia Plath Ariel

*And I  
 Am the arrow,  
 The dew that flies  
 Suicidal, at one with the drive  
 Into the red  
 Eye, the cauldron of morning.*

**9999**  
 Good sun imagery—not easy to pull off. And flying dew is way cool.

## FEUD OF THE WEEK

### JENNY "ON THE POT" MCCARTHY

**OCCUPATION:** Picks nose; shows breasts  
**AGE:** 25  
**BEST PUNCH:** She says she's going to sue Regan and HarperCollins, the publisher of Regan's imprint, because they didn't promote her book, *Jen-X*, as the company promised.



### JUDITH "THAT" REGAN "WOMAN"

**OCCUPATION:** Publishes sleazy books  
**AGE:** 44  
**BEST PUNCH:** A HarperCollins spokesman said McCarthy failed to fulfill her promotional obligations. Regan, staying above the fray, says, "Jenny's only conflict is with herself."



**THE WINNER** McCarthy. She got a small part in the badly named film *BASEketball*.

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Lance Morrow

# The Reckless and the Stupid

*The character of a President eventually determines his destiny*

**A**MERICANS TRYING TO GET THEIR BEARINGS THOUGHT of Richard Nixon and traced his descent from the charge of obstructing justice to the threat of impeachment, and then to the morning of his maudlin-defiant resignation. Or, imagining a precedent for the origins of the current mess, they went back to Bill Clinton's Rose Garden hero of long ago, John Kennedy, the martyred Ur-boomer who may have been Clinton's role model in obdurately reckless sex.

But maybe the third protagonist of the '60s should be conjured up. Until the middle of last week, I had been working on the conceit that Bill Clinton is Lyndon Johnson Without Tears—both Clinton and Johnson being big-hearted, triple-slick Southern boys, and mama's boys, with a genius for politics, and a bardic gift for storytelling, and huge egos and insecurities interbraded, and minds aggressively intelligent, instinctive, fiercely absorptive, and with a love of people, and a general incapacity to tell the truth. Or anyway (let's be nice) a way of thinking of the truth as only one of life's creative possibilities.

Lyndon Without Tears. Up to the great train wreck, Clinton's presidential career had been astonishingly lucky and frictionless. Now, presumably, there are tears enough, and much gnashing of teeth up in the family quarters. Americans try to imagine what Hillary Clinton is saying to her husband; some envision the air full of flying lamps. Or maybe she comforts him?

After Lyndon Johnson's death in 1973, a biographer hesitantly asked Lady Bird Johnson how she reacted to Lyndon's many extramarital love affairs. With that heroically relentless smile of hers, Lady Bird replied that Lyndon loved people and half the people on earth are women, so it seemed natural that he would love them!

Should we explain Bill Clinton that way? Bill Clinton and Lyndon Johnson were different in this: L.B.J. was unmistakably, with all his faults, a grownup man; his downfall—brought on when his Great Society got lost in the war he would not or could not escape—had a tragic size and weight. Clinton remains a very bright *End of History* boy-man. There is something trivial and unnecessary in his travails, and even if they lead to his downfall, they will seem sordidly silly.

Is character destiny? The President's character, at least in this compartment of his life, seems a hybrid of the Arkansas horndog and the Runaway Bunny. The horndog part is self-

explanatory. The Runaway Bunny, you will remember, tests the limits of his independence by toddling off, as two-year-olds will; his mommy always comes after him and scoops him up in her snuggles. He is testing her. Who is the mommy being tested in this latest envelope-pushing behavior by Virginia Kelley's Boys Nation golden boy? Poor Hillary Clinton? The United States of America? Will America forgive Billy Blythe again and embrace him with those big 60% hugs of approval? The psychiatrist in us suspects that the President of the United States may have a little trouble being a grownup. W.H. Auden wrote: "In front maturity as he ascended/ Retired like a horizon from the child."

Of course, some thought that the affair with the intern might be a setup or hallucination. Those who credited the story separated into two camps: 1) those who don't think it matters much (a man's sex life is his business; a President's conduct of the office is the only legitimate concern, and anyway, maybe it is good macho sociology for a leader to chase girls); and 2) those enraged by the irresponsibility and arrogance implicit in such behavior—if it happened.

What astonishes Americans and drives them into Camp Two is the thought that after the electorate made a kind of deal with Clinton in 1992 (we'll let the Gennifer Flowers thing slide, that was Arkansas, and you're a big boy now; just don't do it again), he may have so unrepentantly and blithely and cynically—and maybe pathologically—persisted. Some Clinton haters indulged in mere prurient dudgeon. But plenty of parents were incensed in a nonpartisan way by the thought that the young woman might have been thus debauched in the house of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. Could the President truly have divided his time between worrying about his place in history and corrupting an intern? Now he may have a convergence, with the second activity defining the first.

Those of us in a third camp were appalled not so much by the immorality as by the recklessness and stupidity of it all. Even if the charges are true, Clinton may of course survive. (I thought that by now O.J. Simpson would be doing life without parole.) We live in an age when almost nothing is too equal to be transcended. What Clinton needs now is a producer like the one played by Dustin Hoffman in the movie *Wag the Dog*, a man who, when confronted with a hideously impossible public relations problem like the one facing Clinton, announces bouncily, "This is NOTHING!"



Clinton may have emulated his presidential hero too much





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